5 —Complete Stories— 5

The Black Cat



February 1900

The Haunted Cap. ($200 Prize Story.)
George W. Kelley.

Gamaliel's Wedge.
Margaretta M. Morley.

E. Pluribus Unum.
William S. Walkley.

A Gentleman of a Very Old School.
Thomas Brockett.

A Charcoal Sketch.
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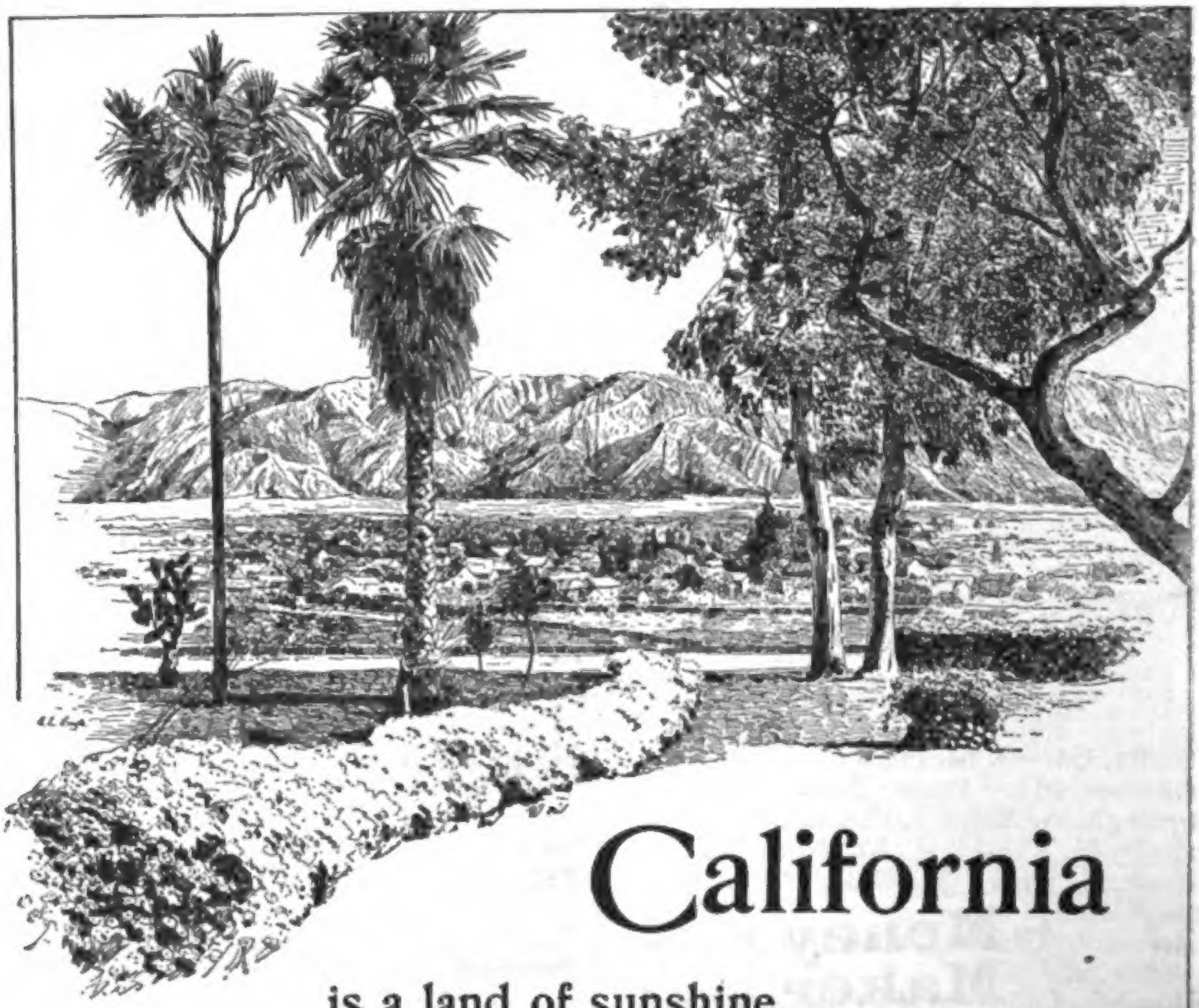
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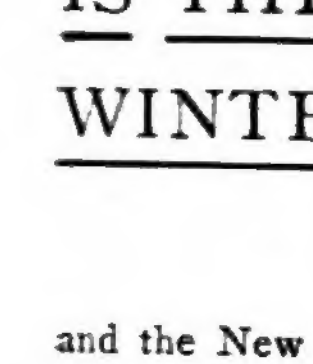
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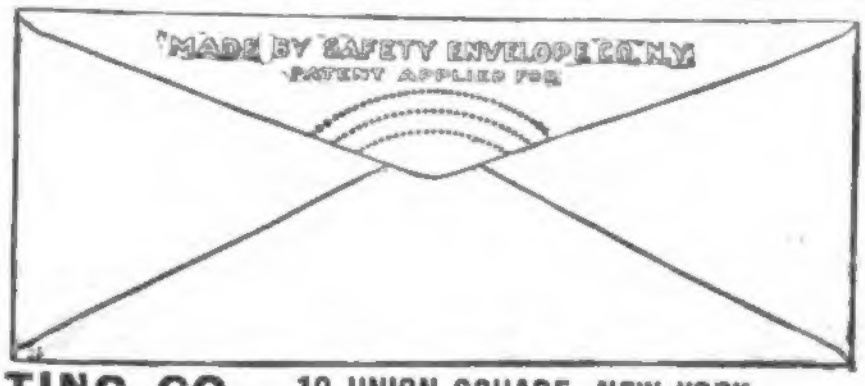
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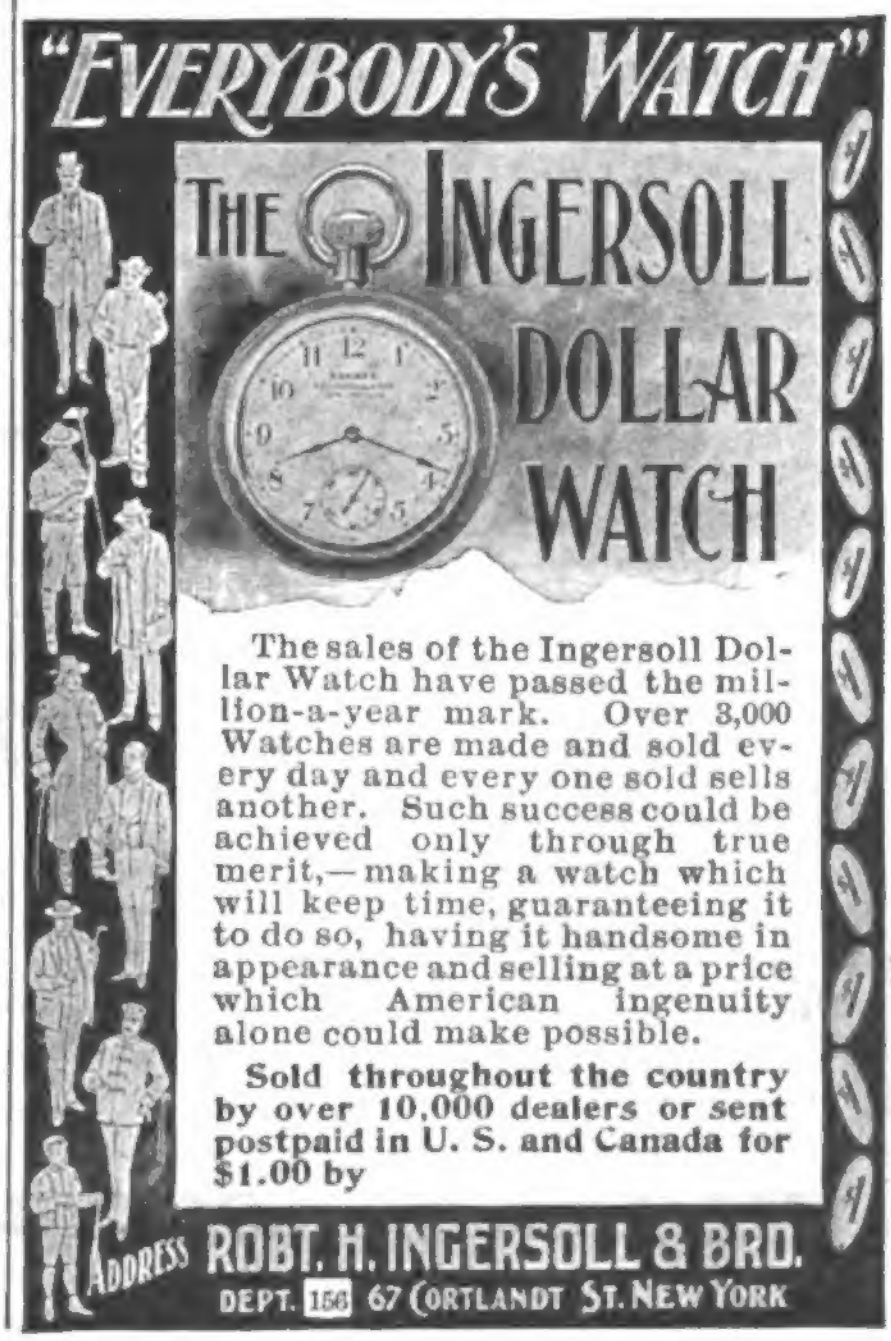
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The Haunted Cap.*

BY GEORGE W. KELLEY.



VALOR had earned for Colonel Pearson his rank in the Confederate service. His left cheek was marked by a star-like depression, where a bullet had entered at Chancellorsville, and his right was seamed by a long gash, left by a sabre at Aldie.

Four years after the war, one April evening, he was entertaining a guest at his residence on the left bank of the James, not many miles from Richmond. The chill air from the valley drove them from the verandah into the library, where the visitor eagerly listened to the Colonel's reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson.

"Speaking of Jackson," said the Colonel, "reminds me of this Union cap. It has a strange history." As he spoke he took from a shelf, where it rested among numerous other relics of the war, a dark-blue cap, with leather visor, such as was worn by privates in the Federal army. It was faded and stained, and the right half of the visor was broken and bent down. Through the middle of

* This is one of two stories that received the prize of $200 in THE BLACK CAT competition ending March 31, 1898.

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the band on the left side was a round hole, a trifle larger than a dime. There was no lining, but in the centre of the crown on the inside was a round, black wooden button.

"By hundreds of soldiers in Georgia and North Carolina," said the Colonel, "this is known as the 'Haunted Cap.' It was worn by a soldier in the 119th New York Volunteers, and was taken from his body at Chancellorsville by James Ashby of the 44th Georgia."

His guest having expressed a desire to hear the story, Colonel Pearson continued:

Ashby was among the first to enter the service of his State. He was not a planter nor the son of a planter — neither wealthy nor the heir to wealth. He had nothing to do with bringing about secession — perhaps opposed it — but the moment the war began he was in the ranks.

In many respects he was a rare type. In camp, on the march or under fire, he was equally happy and cheerful, and gave cheer to others. No mishap was a disaster, no wound serious. He never questioned nor complained.

In action there was not a more reliable man in the army. Always cool and steadfast, he would stand until ordered to retire, and he shot to hurt. He never fought behind cover if he could better see his mark in the open. When wounded, he disagreed with the surgeons as to the time he ought to stay under their care. At Malvern Hill a bullet cut a furrow across the crown of his head, yet he was in second Bull Run, and was there wounded in the arm. He was in line again at Sharpsburg — or Antietam, as your people call it — and later shared in our victory at Fredericksburg.

On May 2, '63, he was in the flanking columns of Jackson at Chancellorsville. You know about the battle — how Howard, with his right unprotected, was surprised, and most of the Eleventh Corps driven from their works and the field. Here and there a few men in the retreating line would make a stand for a moment and endeavor to rally. Ashby noticed a Federal soldier, as cool as he, taking slow aim, and realized that he was the intended victim of the Minié ball soon to fly. It came, piercing his hat. Now it was his turn, and the Federal soldier fell. As Ashby went by in the advance, he took this cap from the man he had shot. The bul-

let had entered the forehead, through the cap band. This clean hole has since been made by wearing away the broken edges of the rent. When killed, the soldier had his cap turned quarter way round, with the visor over the right ear, which accounts for the perforation being on the left side.

It was not uncommon for the soldiers on both sides to retain some trophy taken from the enemy, and so the cap which Ashby showed his comrades aroused no comment until one day he strolled down the company street, wearing it, and walking with a sort of mock military swagger.

That night he was the talk of the camp and was spoken of in a changed way. While some treated the performance lightly, saying that Ashby was joking, others could discern no element of fun. No one would say he was mentally affected, but if not what could be his purpose? For kind, brave, lovable Ashby to do such a thing seemed more than strange.

The next day, though Ashby did not wear the cap, he showed it to many, calling attention to the rent in the band, and relating how it was made. Indeed, he neglected no opportunity to do this, until men dreaded to meet him and give him occasion for exhibiting his trophy and telling its grim story.

Another night Ashby was the talk of the camp, and an element of dread entered into the discussion — fear for Ashby, or of something indefinable. If not out of his mind, something evil possessed him — an evil notion, if nothing worse. Darkness will give a direction to thoughts which in daylight would take some other course, and in the shades made by the camp fires some of the soldiers wandered mentally into strange realms. The opinion became general that the spirit of the dead Union soldier was plaguing Ashby. Others, more profound, reasoned that there had developed in the Georgian the instinct which prompts the savage to take and keep the scalp of his victim as a token of his prowess.

Though no one had yet spoken to Ashby on the subject, he had overheard remarks which told him of the sensation he had made. The next day he again strolled through the camp wearing the cap. He had made the bullet-hole round, thus enlarging it, and turned the cap to the right so that the hole came in the centre of his forehead, and the white skin could be seen shining through.

Staring eyes and frowns met him at every turn. He stopped when he heard from one man, holding the attention of a knot of others, the remark:

"Ashby has gone too far with this foolishness. If he won't stop it, we'll take the cap away from him."

Ashby touched the arm of the speaker and said:

"Bill, you mustn't get mad and have a tantrum. I'm not harming any one."

"Yes, you are, Jim; that's jest what's the matter; you're harming yourself. The boys don't like what you're doing, and that feeling will grow till they don't like you."

"Now, boys, let's be reasonable," said Ashby. "Sit down, and we'll talk this over."

With a feeling of relief that the disagreeable matter seemed about to be settled, the dozen men sat down, and in a moment another dozen gathered, and, the news flying that Ashby was being called to account, others came, until half the regiment was assembled.

Ashby remained standing. When the eager crowd looked ready he raised his hand, but before he could utter a word Bill interrupted, saying:

"Now, Jim, I don't like to break in on you, but you must take that cap off while you talk. You know we don't want to see it anyway, and it's kind of crowdin' things to keep it on while you're talkin' about it. All we can see is that round white spot on your forehead. For God's sake, Jim, take it off."

"Take it off!" "Throw it away!" "Take it off!" came from all directions.

Ashby faced the throng with his old-time gay and happy look. And he was happy, for the time he had been waiting for had come. He listened with a smile to Bill's pleading, but when the demands for the removal of the cap were made in angry tones, he threw back his shoulders, and looked defiant. Then he bowed and smiled and dropped the cap at his feet.

"Now, Jim Ashby," said Bill, "I want to say one word more for the boys. We've never had any difference with you before — we couldn't. You're the only man in this regiment that every other man likes. But we can't bear this cap business. Some right ugly

notion has got into your head, and no good can come of it. Surely no good is got foolin' with a dead man's things. I'm not afraid of much of anything, myself, but my flesh creeps every time I think of that cap. You shot the man that wore it in a fair fight — that's all right — but it can't be right to go paradin' around in the cap of a man you killed. It don't show respect for him. I wish you would let us have it, Jim, and we'll bury it with all the honors, and fire a salute. That's all I've got to say."

This speech was received with hearty applause, and then all turned to Ashby.

"Boys," said he, "Bill has said just what I thought he would, and I judge from your applause that you think as he does. Now, the trouble is, you're all superstitious. I'm not. You're afraid that after a man is dead he may come back to plague you. I've known you to charge up to a battery and face canister by the bucketful, and after dark have been afraid to go over that same ground, because there were dead men there. When those men were firing cannon at you by daylight, you didn't fear them or their guns, but after they were dead and the sun gone down, you shook all over.

"But I don't believe a man dies at all. He gets through here, and we call it death. I believe he's left these parts, but you have a fear that the soul still has a hold on folks on earth. That cap is nothing to me — only so much cloth with a hole through it. To you it's more. You seem to feel that the man who used to wear it owns it now. Now, boys, don't be childish. I won't wear the cap if it troubles anybody. I allow I only put it on to-day to stir you up, and get a chance to say what I have."

A dismal silence followed. Ashby looked over the crowd, and at the cap which he was turning in his hands. Then he held up the relic as if to throw it to his comrades for their disposal. Instead he placed it under his arm, saying, with a smile, "No more now, boys; we'll call this gathering adjourned," and walked away.

Excitement of a feverish sort spread through the camp, a few days later, when a story was started that Ashby was wearing the cap at times in his tent, and that some strange power possessed it. Four men said they had seen him put the cap on his head, visor to the front, and that in three minutes it had turned quarter way

round, bringing the visor over the right ear and the bullet-hole in the middle of the forehead.

This story confirmed the fears of all who had wished Ashby to give up the grewsome relic, while those who, like himself, professed no belief in supernatural influences, declared of course that he was working a joke.

While the sincerity of the four men who had seen the cap turn on Jim's head was unquestioned, many made enquiries directly of him. To all he answered that the cap did revolve as stated, and furthermore, that it had done so a good many times. To doubters he expressed a willingness for investigation, and suggested that the next day, at noon, he would meet all who desired to be there in the company street, and would then put the cap on, and let others do so if they wished, and all could examine it.

Five hundred men were gathered when Ashby appeared next day. He wore his Confederate hat, but held so all could see it the now famous Haunted Cap. He mounted a box and looked slowly over his audience. Excepting a dozen or so in front, every man looked as if a death lottery were to be drawn, and he feared his name would be announced. No one moved, and all were silent, with fear and awe written on their faces. In contrast was Ashby's happy smile, and the dozen men at his feet were smiling also. To them this was an entertainment — a diversion from the monotony of life in camp — while to the others it seemed reckless toying with a dread mystery, a bold defiance of powers unknown.

Ashby raised the cap to the level of his shoulder, saying:

"Boys, you have all heard of the strange freaks of this Yankee cap. I want you to see for yourselves. When I put it on it turns around to just the place it was when the poor fellow who wore it got killed. Perhaps some of you would like to look it over." And he tossed it into the crowd.

A screeching shell would not have created so much commotion. No one took his eyes off the quick-sailing cap, and there was a stampede in the line of its flight. With all the dodging, the cap struck a man full in the breast. He leaped away with an oath, and all near drew aside, leaving the cap on the ground in the midst of a wide circle of frightened soldiers. Ashby laughed aloud.

One of the sceptics made his way through the crowd, picked up

the cap and returned with it to the little group around the speaker. Each in turn and collectively, they examined it with much care and deliberation. In a half-disappointed way they offered it to those outside, who shook their heads, and it was then passed back to Ashby, who watched the proceedings with an air of indifference.

Ashby gave the cap a vigorous shake, and then slowly put it on his head, using both hands, holding the visor in his left, while he smoothed down his hair with the right, drawing the latter out as the cap settled down. The broken half of the visor hung down over his right eye, giving him an uncanny, one-eyed look.

"Now, watch!" he exclaimed, putting his hands behind him.

They did watch, and many of them wished for months after that they had not. No one could perceive any motion, either of Ashby or of the cap, but at the end of a minute it was clearly perceptible to all that the cap had moved toward the right at least an inch. In less than another minute, Ashby's right eye coming into view and the bullet-hole beginning to transit the white skin of his forehead sent a chill through the blood of the watchers. Every man was breathless. Had a shriek or scream or any sudden utterance of alarm been made, or even a strong gust of wind swept by, they would have fallen in fright or rushed away in panic.

The cap still moved. No one saw the motion any more than one sitting across the room can see the steady move of the minute hand of a clock. Yet in three minutes the visor of the cap was over Ashby's right ear, and the bullet-hole in the centre of his forehead, and there it stopped.

Ashby removed the cap, saying: "Boys, shall we try it again?" The moving away of the spectators gave him a negative answer. Those veterans of many battles were afraid.

As he jumped to the ground, one of the men standing near asked to look at the cap again. Ashby at once handed it out, and the soldiers who had carefully examined it before scrutinized it critically. It was evident from their speech and manner that they did not detect any sign of human agency in the cap's movement.

When they handed it back Ashby remarked:

"The boys are worrying about something they can't account for. Why should a full-grown man be afraid of a thing because it's

strange, or has some merely guessed-at connection with some other existence?"

"That's all right, Jim," said the sergeant of his company. "We men right here are no more afraid of that cap than you are. I'd be willing to wear it every day, and let it whirl, but the boys are different. They are afeard it'll bring you harm, and they can't spare you right now. So why not put the thing out of sight, and stop the worrying?"

"Oh, I'm not going to plague them any more," replied Ashby, putting the cap under his coat, "perhaps they'll never see this cap again."

Soon camp was broken, and Lee's army took up its march toward Pennsylvania, and the cap was only a memory among Ashby's comrades. Its story spread, however, and in distant camps the "Haunted Cap" afforded food for thought and tale. As the surface of a pond becomes smooth again where a stone has fallen, while around and beyond extend widening rings of disturbance, so the career of the cap seemed to end in the camp of its origin, while the legends connected with it grew and expanded in regions more remote. As told by the soldiers fifty miles away, the ghostly form of a Federal private was seen standing on the box with Ashby, while a spirit hand was plainly observed turning the cap on his head.

A little after noon on the first of July, part of Ewell's corps entered on the plain north of the village of Gettysburg, and was at once engaged with the Eleventh Corps of the Army of the Potomac. On the ridge to the right had been close, desperate fighting since early morn. There and on the plain the Union line now gave way, for it could not withstand the new enemy from the north, and, a little later, the approach of Gordon from the east. The Federal troops did not yield a step, however, without a struggle, and the combat was sharp and constant.

Ashby was in his place, and his cool, deliberate fire indicated that he was increasing the casualties of the enemy. Just as the entire Union line was forced back to the houses and streets of Gettysburg, he took from under his coat the "Haunted Cap" and put it on, the visor over his right ear and the bullet-hole in the middle of his forehead.

The men about him were aghast. It was no time or place for entreaty or objection, and without speech, they shrank away and left him fighting alone. But he did not appear to miss the strengthening touch of comrades; his rifle spoke as frequently as before, and he did not lag in the advance.

As the soldiers in blue surged through the village streets to reach the safety of the hills beyond, their retreat covered by a few regiments holding the outer buildings and checking our rapid advance, Ashby, still somewhat apart from his fellows, staggered a little, and then fell on his face. All the men near were at once about him. He was dead, shot in the forehead, and the bullet had gone through the hole in the cap-band.

He had made the supreme test and had failed. He had not conquered or dispelled the superstition of his comrades. Their fears had been realized. The evil they dreaded had befallen.

When Ashby was buried his fellow-soldiers nearly came to blows over his grave. No one wished the cap buried with him, but some wanted it buried by itself — and buried deep. Only one, a man who had not shared the prevailing fear at the exhibition in camp, wished to save it, and after much persuasion was allowed to take it, making solemn promise that no one should see it or be troubled with it in any way.

While on our retreat to the Potomac, I learned of an officer of Ashby's regiment of the "Haunted Cap." I sought out the soldier who had it, and became its possessor, together with its story, as you have heard it.

It was not till long afterward, when arranging this collection of relics, that I gave the matter another serious thought. Then one evening, sitting here in the firelight, I mentally reviewed the strange tale of the "Haunted Cap," watching it as it hung on that nail, almost expecting to see it turn as it had done on Ashby's head. That there *was* a mystery connected with it I felt sure, and I resolved to solve it if possible.

I accordingly wrote to friends and army associates in Georgia, letters of the same tenor, enquiring into the antecedents of Ashby, and to officers of the 119th New York, with a view of establishing, if possible, the identity of the private shot by Ashby at Chancellorsville, but making no allusion in either set to the cap legend.

In due time I received numerous letters from different parts of Georgia, where my enquiries had been transmitted, but only two or three were from persons who knew Ashby. All the others gave marvellous versions of the "Haunted Cap," but no two alike. One said:

"Jeems Ashby wore a cap like what we used on the guns, only larger, and one day it egsploded and bleu him into a milyon pieces." And another averred: "He stole a cap and it spun round on his head like a top till he got dizzy and died. That's the truth. There was sperits in it."

But one letter gave me all the facts I could ask for — the birthplace of Ashby, his parentage, where he attended school, his apprenticeship to a working jeweller in Atlanta, and that he was considered one of the most skilful in that line when he enlisted.

This information came the very day I made a discovery. I was examining the cap inch by inch, holding it by this wooden button on the inside, when the button seemed to part or move between my thumb and finger, but when I let go of it, it looked as solid as before. I could see no mark or break indicating a separation, and after running the point of my knife over every part, I was about to lay it aside, when it occurred to me to twist the top. I held it firmly by the bottom edge, and then twisted my thumb and finger over the top part, first to the left, as if to unscrew it, and then, as it did not yield, to the right. The top part came suddenly off, but, my finger slipping, flew back with a little snap. I did it again with more care — as I do now — and you see the button is in two pieces connected by a fine wire spring which, fully drawn, allows the top to be removed an inch. Furthermore, the spring is so adjusted that when the top closes against the bottom it turns to the left into a socket from which it cannot be removed except by a turn to the right. Observe, too, that one side of the top is thinner than the other and that the spring is fastened nearer that edge than the centre.

I spent the rest of the day experimenting. I made this band to pass over my head and fasten to this other around my neck. On the top of the band is a button which is gashed on the under side.

Putting the cap on with my left hand, with the right, while making the motion of smoothing down my hair, I disengage the

spring button and insert the thin lower edge of its top into the gash of the button on the band. The slightest movement of eyebrows or scalp causes the spring to turn the cap until the visor is over my right ear, and the bullet hole in the centre of the forehead.

The Colonel placed the cap upon his head as he spoke, and went through the motions described, while his guest watched with interest the working of the ingenious contrivance.

"That seemed a long three minutes," he continued, as he finished the demonstration, "but it required hours of practice to get the results you have seen."

"It only remained for me to find out how Ashby had contrived to fasten the button to the top of his head. You will remember I told you that at Malvern Hill a bullet cut a furrow across his crown. I learned, after much inquiry, that the course of the bullet was marked by a slight ridge, with little bunches or hummocks. All was clear now. Ashby had so manipulated one of these bunches that he could insert the top of the button under it."

When the Colonel uttered the last word of this remarkable story, his Northern visitor grasped his hand, saying:

"Colonel Pearson, your common-sense and persistence solved this seeming mystery in the simplest manner. The cap remains just what Ashby said it was — so much cloth, with a hole through it."

"Yes, perhaps so," replied the Colonel, slowly, "perhaps so, but the fact remains that Ashby received his death through that bullet-hole. A mere coincidence, perhaps? Well — perhaps. I wish you would read this letter, though, and think about it. I did not receive it till I thought I had dispelled all the mystery."

The letter was from a private of the 119th New York, and was as follows:

Col. W. A. Pearson,

Dear Sir: **— Your letter of enquiry has reached me, after traveling pretty nearly over all New York State. You know the soldiers are pretty well scattered now.**

I can give particulars of only one comrade killed at Chancellorsville. His name was Gustav Kling, and he was next to me in the firing line, and next to him was Carl Wirth. When Jackson stampeded our right we tried to hold our line, but it was no use. Wirth and I had stopped firing and had begun to retire, when Gustav said, "There's a good fighting rebel, and he's a good shot. I've been watching him. But I'm a fair shot, too." With that he took careful aim, and we watched, but the rebel he didn't fall, but at once leveled his rifle and Gustav fell dead.

I can see now just how he looked. His cap was turned round one side. He had broken the visor, and it hung down over his eyes, so he pushed it round to the right.

After the battle I found his body and helped bury it. He was shot through the forehead.

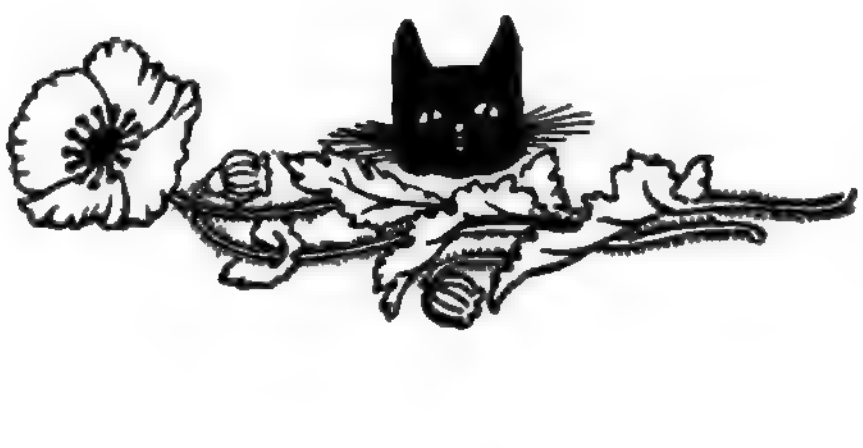
Now I am going to tell you something that Carl Wirth and I have talked over a hundred times, or more, but have never mentioned to others:

When we were pushed back to the houses, at Gettysburg, the lines were pretty close together, and a little ahead of Dole's brigade was a fine-looking Georgian, firing coolly, and evidently picking his men. I turned to Wirth, and said, "There's the fellow who shot Gustav." We both raised to fire, but before we could there was a report right between us, and the Georgian fell. And it was just like the report of the rifle Gustav carried when he was killed. It made a peculiar noise, different from ours, and we knew the sound well. It seemed to burn powder slower, and gave a sort of whistle or shriek, more like a rocket than the usual crack, and it was a most unearthly sound.

It was that familiar rifle shriek that sounded in our ears at Gettysburg when the man fell. Carl and I looked at each other. He was whiter than a sheet, and I felt I was the same.

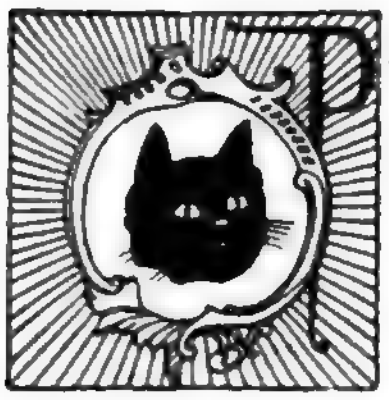
We turned and ran. But then, I am not superstitious — and there were other reasons for running.

Colonel Pearson's guest stopped reading at this point, and began to think, as requested by the Colonel. And he is still thinking.



Gamaliel's Wedge.*

BY MARGARETTA M. MORLEY.



"PARDON me; did you happen to notice whether I ate my soup, or not?"

These were the first words Gamaliel Wetmore ever addressed to me. Though strangers, fate had thrown us together at a seaside resort, and I had simply remarked that my *vis-à-vis* at the table was a tall, lanky, absent-minded but gentlemanly appearing youth, when he uttered this singular question. "You see, I can distinctly remember ordering it," he confided, "but I have been sitting here so long that I cannot recollect whether I have eaten it, or whether it hasn't been served yet."

His eyes had a simple, trusting expression that always appeals to an older woman, and which in my case served to strengthen a fellow-feeling, since I too was a sufferer from the very deliberate methods of our waitress.

A laugh over our common trials made us friends and after that he was my companion on many a long tramp, and on many a sail. I found him intelligent and well informed, the possessor of all sorts of odd and curious information, but so original and unconventional that he kept me in a constant state of wonder. Indeed, as much as I saw of him, I was never quite able to determine whether his childlike simplicity served to cover a bit of innocent mischief, or was the evidence of rare ingenuousness. I puzzled over this question a good deal until one evening when he sat smoking a cigarette on the verandah and a woman turned to him with an irritable complaint that tobacco made her ill. "Does it really?" he asked, sympathetically. "Then I certainly advise you to give it up."

I took the advice home to myself and then and there gave up trying to analyze Gamaliel.

Since the lad had so thoroughly won my liking, I was heartily

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pleased, some years later, to meet the married sister with whom he made his home. Mrs. Scofield visited at different times in Washington, and our acquaintance had ripened into real friendship, when one summer she proposed my returning with her for a visit in Osborn.

We reached her home about five in the afternoon, and found Gamaliel engaged in cutting roses — roses, I may add, that were later presented to me with all his old-time gallantry. He was standing in the very midst of the bed, completely surrounded by a fragrant tangle, and when he straightened up to greet us we discovered that he was in full evening dress.

"For mercy's sake!" ejaculated Emma Scofield in amazement, "what does this mean, Gamaliel? *You* in evening suit, and at this time of day — you look like a valentine!"

In spite of his sentimental surroundings, Gamaliel looked older and more manly than I remembered him, and during dinner, and later, when coffee was served in the library and Emma was listening to her husband's account of all that had transpired in her absence, I found my old friend matured in many ways without having lost any of that whimsical charm that had first attracted me.

"And what has Gamaliel been doing?" asked Emma, when Mr. Scofield's recital had come to an end.

"Been waiting for the corner drug store to come down Lincoln Avenue," was her husband's laughing response. "I found him standing on the curbstone, only last night, patiently watching that purple light. He had forgotten that the Lincoln cars don't run by here any more, and I think he would have been standing there yet had I not come along and picked him up."

"You have not explained that evening suit yet, Gamaliel," said Emma, turning laughing eyes on her brother. "Have your other suits given out, or are they in pawn, or what is the matter?"

"I have entered society in your absence."

"You won't stay in it long, I can tell you, if you wear that garb in the daytime!"

"Well, I am going to a dance this evening, and as I did not want to waste valuable time dressing after you and Mrs. Adams arrived, I got ready before you came. I do not see anything queer about that! I have thought this matter of entering society

all over very carefully. It is a great bore, of course, and not at all to my taste, but considering that ours is one of the oldest families here, and that I am now the only male representative of it, I regarded the step as a duty. So I got these jeans, and as an entering wedge, called one evening on Miss Popkiss."

"Miss Popkiss!" shrieked Emma, and then she and her husband burst into uncontrollable fits of laughter. "Oh dear, I wish you could appreciate how comical this is, Mrs. Adams," she finally managed to say to me as she wiped her streaming eyes, "the idea, I mean, of a Wetmore using a Popkiss as an entering wedge to society." Here she went off into another peal of merriment, and Mr. Scofield took up the explanation.

"You see, Mrs. Adams," he began, "while the Popkisses are eminently respected, they are just about as social as a snail in his shell. They live in that prison-like house on the corner, and although they have been residents of this town for over twenty years, I doubt if ten people have seen the inside of their house. Certainly Gamaliel is the only chap who has ever had the nerve to call there. There are three in the family — the father, the mother, and a tall, spindling daughter. The latter is six feet, I should say, and is thin and angular, freckled and red haired. I tell you, Gamaliel," turning to the young man, "you will have a corner on that market, and need fear no competition."

"Well, I'm provoked with you!" exclaimed his sister. "When I saw that evening suit, and heard that you really meant to mix with the world a little, I felt awfully pleased, and began to think you were going to give up your queer ways, and become like other people after all. But here — oh, it's the most preposterous thing you have done yet! Tell us about the call," she broke off, curiosity getting the better of her displeasure.

"I think they were a little surprised to see me," admitted Gamaliel. "The house was very dark, and the servant was a dickens of a time in coming to the door, and when at last I did get in, I couldn't think of anything to say. We all four sat staring at each other for a while, and then, by way of variety, I suggested going down to the theatre."

"Gamaliel Wetmore, you are certainly taking leave of your senses!"

"Did they accept?" asked Mr. Scofield, nearly choking with suppressed laughter.

"Mr. and Mrs. Popkiss did not."

"From which we gather that Miss Popkiss *did*," said Emma resignedly, "and have you seen anything further of the young lady?"

"Not as much as I would like," answered Gamaliel cheerfully, "but a good average of seven times a week. As I pass the house four times daily, it would be hard lines if at least one trip did not obtain me a glimpse of her."

"True; there would be no concealing that tall figure and red head, if it were anywhere within sight," observed Emma. "But seriously, Gamaliel, have you seen anything more of her?"

"Yes; I secured her an invitation to a drag party given by the Osborn Club, and then, realizing that since I was probably the only man she knew, she would have a pretty stupid time if I wasn't there to introduce her, I attended as her escort. I am also going to dance the cotillon with her tonight.

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Emma, when Gamaliel had taken leave of us. "This plain, spindling Popkiss girl is actually drawing Gamaliel into society without being in it herself! Yes; in spite of our derision, she has accomplished what we have essayed season after season in vain. Gamaliel has the kindest of hearts, even if he is queer, and out of compassion for her loneliness and neglect, is doing the very thing he has persistently refused to do heretofore. I confess I am delighted; for once accustomed to it at all he will take to it naturally, meet attractive girls, and forget all about — his wedge."

I was not so sure of this — of Gamaliel's forgetting Miss Popkiss I mean — and as the days wore on I fancied I detected signs of a deeper interest, and marvelled that Emma, who was generally so far-seeing, should be so unconcerned. Therefore, I was scarcely surprised when, toward the close of my visit, she came to me in great annoyance, declaring she wished she had "never heard the name of Popkiss."

Emma was on the point of giving a luncheon for me, and she explained that Gamaliel had asked, as a special favor, that Miss Popkiss be invited, and that she had weakly acceded, believing the girl would send a regret because she had never called. "But

what should that great idiot of a brother of mine do," concluded Emma tearfully, "but explain to her that I had been too busy during your visit, but anticipated the pleasure later, and that in the meantime I hoped she would waive formality, etc., etc. In fact, I had no idea Gamaliel could be so suave! Isn't it odious! Stiff and ungainly, and silent as she is, she will cast a damper on everything!"

I tried to be sympathetic, but in the secret depths of my heart I felt base satisfaction at the prospect of meeting this much-talked-of young lady. When, however, the hour of the luncheon actually arrived, a curious circumstance had driven Gamaliel's protégée quite out of mind.

I had an uneasy consciousness that something had occurred to perturb our hostess, and as soon as I could manage a word aside with her, she whispered, "Do you see that exquisite creature over there by the window — I mean the girl in the soft white mull and the big leghorn hat with the pink roses? Well, I have not the faintest idea *who she is, or why she is here!*"

None but the blind could have failed to notice the young woman thus indicated, for she was not only charmingly dressed but had a beautiful face as well, with a strong, sweet mouth that convinced one she was beautiful all the way through. "Some mistake," I whispered back, "but I would keep her in ignorance of it, since she is evidently a lady. You can introduce me without mentioning her name, and being a stranger I can easily make laughing reference to the omission, and later pronounce the name in your hearing."

"That will help me out beautifully," was Emma's hurried reply; "only don't waste any time, for if Miss Popkiss is not here in ten minutes I shan't wait any longer, and I must know this stranger's name before going to the table."

As I approached the object of our solicitude she rose to greet me, saying prettily that she had wanted to speak to me because she understood I came from Washington.

"You are fond of Washington?" I asked.

"It is my home," she answered simply; then added, "at least I call it so; we have lived chiefly in London for the last ten years."

And how, in the name of mysteries, did you happen to come

here? I wanted to say, but what I did say was, "Osborn must be a curious change from London." At length I made the plunge, and flatly asked her name.

"My name is Popkiss — Florence Popkiss," was the reply.

I turned to our hostess: "Emma," I said, with carefully distinct utterance, "Miss *Popkiss* tells me that she, too, is a native of Washington." Emma fairly gasped.

"Impossible!" she articulated.

Before the luncheon was half over I had quite lost my heart to Miss Popkiss, and she completed her conquest over the rest of the company when, on returning to the drawing-room, she sang us some of the freshest, sweetest English ballads we had ever heard.

Emma and I did nothing but discuss the fair singer the rest of the afternoon, and when Mr. Scofield and Gamaliel came home at night, we rushed upon the latter with a torrent of questions.

"I simply can't wait another instant to have this mystery explained!" cried Emma, buttonholing her brother. "Now, Gamaliel, who was this young woman I entertained at luncheon?"

"Who *were* the young *women*, I should think you would put it," corrected Gamaliel.

"Nonsense, you *shall* answer me! I want to know, this instant, whether your Miss Popkiss is the loveliest of girls, or the plainest?"

"Bless you, how can I judge when I have seen so few?"

"Come, Gamaliel," I put in, "this is really too bad! Did Emma's invitation miscarry, or did you all along *intend* to invite this pretty Miss Popkiss in place of the tall, red-haired one?"

"Oh, didn't I explain that that Miss Popkiss is out of town?" asked Gamaliel innocently. "She is in Boston studying music, and has been for some time, as Emma would be aware if she took more interest in her neighbors. Miss Florence Popkiss is a cousin, and is visiting her aunt and uncle in their daughter's absence."

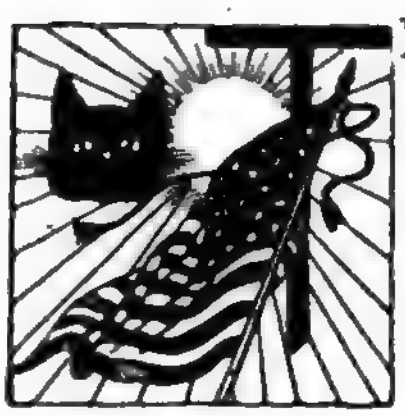
We took a deep breath.

"And did you understand all this when you called there that first night?" ventured Emma. Gamaliel surveyed us blandly.

"Oh, no," he said. "I simply got tired of waiting for the corner drug store to come down Lincoln Avenue, and thought their parlor would be a good place to rest."

E. Pluribus Unum.*

BY WILLIAM S. WALKLEY.



THERE was me bunkie, Dunham, the rookie, an' Gawd only knows why he ever went in. He was the littlest, brown-haired, blue-eyed kid you ever saw, with laughin' ways an' dainty manners; but his place was with his ma, though no man ever put up a better scrap, as even Sliver Anderson knows. He come to me tent, an' he says, "I'm to live here," chuckin' down his kit.

Billy McNutt rolls over an' says, "Hope to die! What dairy calf air you?"

"The cove must of busted his apern string, an' run for it. Where's your nurse, little 'un?" hollers Sliver Anderson, the Swine.

He just grinned sort of sheepish an' never said nothin', goin' red as a artill'ry blankit. I asked him what's his name, an' he hauls out a little silver mounted bizness an' pulls out a visitin' card, handin' it to Billy McNutt. You-orter seen us fellers open our winders an' look at it.

Billy gits up an' bows an' scrapes his feet, lookin' at the ticket. Then he says — Billy was a feller what would have shined in a thee-ater — he says, sarcastic like an' grand, "Aw, glad to welcome you to the Fift' Army Corps, Mister E. Pluribus Unum, with your name parted in the middle," handin' the ticket to me.

The rookie just grinned some more, an' we all laughed — Billy's such a funny little beast; then he up an' tells us his name is E. Purinton Dunham, an' that the bell-boy of our hotel — meanin' Billy — wa'n't no lady. That riled McNutt, an' he was for murder, only I sat on him, he bein' best controlled by force. "Take it cool, William," says I.

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"It bein' so hot, an' Billy's bein' so sweaty from bein' set on," says Sliver, always thinkin' of his thirst, "'tis only right an' proper Mister E. Pluribus Unum should be escorted to canteen to buy for th' christ'nin'."

"Strong drink is ragin'," says the child, stringin' the whole gang.

"So's Billy," says Sliver, "an' when the Elephant" — which was me — "pulls his freight off'n him, 'tis either beer or a gun-strap. You has your choist."

The kid wa'n't feazed a minnit, but he says he was willin' to part with the price for a "little of the sinoows of war." He could simply talk ten-inch words an' never a recoil. An' that's the way we first knowed an' baptized E. Pluribus.

The cuss growed on us, spite of his milky way; had a knack for sogerin', too, an' could cook like a Chinaman — guess he done it for his ma when she was sick. He was willin' an' handy round camp, an' worked like a nigger, drillin' an' guard-mountin' ontil his feet was bleedin' — but never a yip nor white feather. Dead game kid.

Sliver tried to get next to him, an' hog him out of his little wad, but me an' Billy said 'twas no go; so the Sliver had to stop rearin' his thirst on salty stuff to spoil with the kid's money.

Wall, when we got down to Cuby, the push thought E. Pluribus would drop his tail, an' be a quitter. Nary a quit. He was like a bunch of nails, an' the terrible heat an' the mud, an' the rain an' diggin' trenches give most of us that Sasparilly feelin', too; but E. Pluribus was up an' comin' with a hoss to let.

Billy McNutt softened up on the child an' tried to do some of his work, 'cause E. Pluribus was gittin' thin, though he stayed with his feed — when they was any. I heerd Billy argyin' with him.

"Pluribus," says Billy, "gimme your shovel, an' you rest yourself like a nice boy."

"Thanks, Billy," said the youngster, proud like, "you ain't so many, an' this is my detail. You're just come in, ain't you?"

Billy laughed sort of soft, an' said he guessed he could stand it better'n Pluribus could. Then he made a pass for the shovel, but the kid was quick an' wouldn't have it.

"Damn it," says Billy, "you'll kill yourself in them hellish trenches, diggin' like an Eyetalian in a sewer. Let's see your lunch-hooks."

The little bantam's hands was blistered like he'd been burned with a red-hot iron, an' we never knowed it.

"My Gawd," says Billy, near weepin'. An' he took the shovel, an' a extry stunt shovellin' trenches. Billy's heart's as big as old Shafter, is Billy's.

Th' excitement kept him lively as weevily hardtack. The first dead man Pluribus saw, he turned white as a hospital cot an' swallered hard; but he never let go. He wa'n't no coffee-cooler, you bet. At San Wan he was a wonder. Me an' Billy was prayin' the kid'd git the fever, an' be on sick call when the fight came off, but he wa'n't. Didn't sort o' seem right for the cuss to be in it, neither.

We was lyin' in the long grass, eatin' of our hearts, waitin' for the word to pay our respecks to the Little King's sogers, an' the bullets was singin', singin', whistlin' an' whistlin' like a hunderd fiddles playin' top notes, in wicked spasms. McNutt was crawlin' in front of Pluribus so 's to be a bullet-proof for him, doin' it gradual, so the kid wouldn't git on. Curious how Billy cottoned to the lad. Pluribus was on his back, starin' up into the sky — 'twas hotter an' bluer than coolin' steel — an' he laughed.

"Billy," says he, "them bullets sound like a fly under a sheet of paper — mad an' sassy."

"Yep," says Billy, fingerin' his cut-off, "an' they stings wusser'n a hornet; the fellers are dyin' too; potted like woodchucks."

"Shut up," says the kid, thinkin'. "The band or them buzzards'll take care of 'em. You tend to your knittin'."

He was a keener for fair, Pluribus, an' Billy grinned at the sass of the rookie — under fire, too.

Mebbe it's funny, but I don't remember much about the fightin' after we got to work. 'Tain't right to keep men under a nasty fire, an' sharpshooters a-baggin' everything blue in sight, without showin' what the range practice has done for them. Men what lose their mess waitin' on their stummicks are wasted, sort of wasted, anyhow; they don't get a chanst to die with their blood up, when they don't care if they does die — kind of locoed; only

they never fergits where the flag is. Bein' killed while you're reservin' fire for half a day is bad for the nerves.

But finally they give us a go. 'Twas a tidy sprint while it lasted, Billy an' Pluribus clost together, pumpin' lead at a sun-burnt mud wall. There wa'n't much yellin' till we were at the top, an' the yaller rag was yanked down an' Glory was floatin' over free Cuby. We yelled then. Yes, an' damn if the burnin' tears could help comin', just for joy at seein' it there, an' bein' alive to see it. That's what.

There was some as got their everlastin' discharge — honorable; some got a big go at servin' their country in hospitals gittin' well; some made crutches out o' crooked sticks, an' stayed away from the Sawbones to fight for grub; an' there wa'n't no sorrer when the bloody Hidagoes hung out a shirt on their back porch, an' quit the game.

Now, in course of knockin' round barracks for twenty year, in one regiment an' another, I've seen some curious things. Chasin' Indian devils over alkali plains an' in the Bad Lands, roundin' up damn fool strikers in Chicago, an' makin' little maps of Alasky, puts a man on sentry-go over more'n a ten-acre lot, an' interjuces curious folks; but Pluribus beat the hull outfit to a standstill.

After Pecos Bill Shafter took a *pasear* down to the village, an' raised our flag over the palace, there wa'n't nothin' to do but swap baccy, an' git the fever, which last me an' Billy did; not bad, but we didn't notice things for a day or two. Then we saw Pluribus was goin'. The hustle an' rush an' excitement had kept him up, an' he sort of forgot he had a home an' a mother, but it took him sudden, an' that kid was dyin' because he couldn't git up an' dust for his ma. Homesick! Dyin' for his mother jest as certain as if he was mortal wounded.

"If Pluribus would only cry," says Billy, bein' a great lad for the wimmin, "it'd bring him right, wimmin does; but he sets there with his eyes big an' shiny — like Micky Hogan's woman when they told her he had cashed in. Gawd, it's wicked."

"Billy," says I, "the kid'll never see his home again, if he don't git there quick."

"Wot yer givin' me?" says he.

"'Struth," says I.

"Dyin'?" says McNutt, scared an' whisp'rin' like folks does in a room with a corpse.

"Yep; sure thing. He's just a-fadin' out like snow before a Montana chinook."

"By damn," says Billy. Then he throwed a sudden chill, an' turned his face to the tent wall, but I never seen him shake none.

The Q. M. department started us back to the States on a through packet from hell, an' the Old Boy hisself was at the hellum.

Down in the stiflin' hold they put us; with a few lights, dim an' faint in the fog of fever breath. Bunks in tiers, with the grinnin' ghost of what had been a soger in every one. It was a whole graveyard, stirrin' at the last reveille. On deck it was as bad, or worse. How could fellers sleep with empty bellies an' their blood on fire, an' listenin' to men in the hospital shriekin' an' dyin' — every one in his own horrible way? No two men ever die alike. Some just quit breathin'; some prayed; some cursed; some just babbled with their folks, laughin' an' talkin', pattin' hands an' sayin' baby talk. Crazy! We was all kind of off'n our nuts. A sleep was nothin' but a wideawake, knowin' horror that the tremens couldn't touch — an' more. That ship was a floatin', Gawdforsaken insane asylum. Good Gawd! Nights an' days, days an' nights it comes back to me, an' when it's my time to go over the Big Divide, it'll be with the shriekin', damnin', ravin', cursin' an' cryin' of a thousand devils, with yaller skins an' coals of fire for eyes — a thousand skeletons with rawhide faces, grinnin', grinnin' out of lips blue as grapes, an' with claws like birds of prey.

Me an' Billy crawled up an' sat by Pluribus in the hospital, never sayin' a word. The kid never knowed us, an' never wanted nothin'. His mind was a blank to his surroundin's, an' he didn't seem to suffer much. Just was dopey; smilin' to hisself, an' talkin' to his ma in a quiet, happy way that made me an' Billy creepy, knowin' it wa'n't real. I pitied Billy while we was waitin'. Poor little Pluribus had the easiest detail, after all.

One day the kid went out — surrendered unconditional. They stopped the ship, an' it was whist as the House of Death, with the engines still. Billy had a small silk flag that some girl had given him at a station — always tradin' buttons with the wimmin was

Billy — an' he sewed it over the kid's chest. The Chaplain said a prayer, I guess, but I never heard it, an' there was a splash down below in the cool blue water. Then they started the engines again.

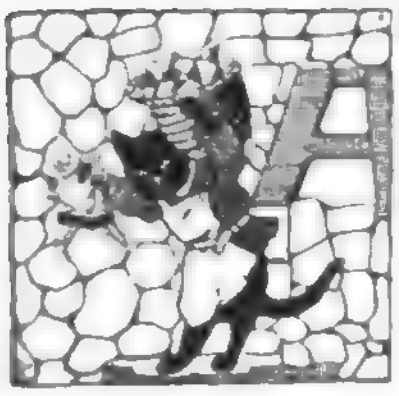
Me an' Billy never spoke; we couldn't for a long time. Just standin' lookin' back over that trail of white foam in the blue water; that trail marked every mile with a dead, starin' sentry in blue. And it stretches from Santiago, round Cape Maysi, up through the Bahamy channel, past Hatteras, right up the coast to Montauk here — a thin blue line of tearin' fine men.

But me an' Billy are thinkin' most of a little cuss with a flag over his breast, down yonder in the sea.



A Gentleman of a Very Old School.*

BY THOMAS BROCKETT.



ANITA was ready to begin her daily task of grinding corn between two stones, in the good old-fashioned way that had been in vogue among the women of her country for unnumbered centuries. She had been uncommonly successful in trimming the arbor that morning, and it seemed to her while doing it that the flowers had never been quite so lovely, the leaves so green or the songs of the birds so melodious.

She felt that something was about to happen. The feeling continued even while she was scrubbing the stone steps leading up into the hut. Whatever that something was to be, it would prove pleasant and it would happen that very day. Well, she would go into the hut and commence her grinding.

But she paused in the doorway to take another look at the arbor a few hundred feet away. How beautiful it was! How clean and nice the doorsteps were! Yes, something surely was about to happen! The hut was large and substantial, but still only a hut. It had been built upon the slope of a hillside facing the east, and it stood upon a rock that, apparently, had been quarried away to make a place for it. The rock was the floor of the hut and the rear wall as well, and towered above it for a hundred feet or so. There was but one window, and near it was Tio José's loom, where the good old man sat every day and plied his endless weaving, weaving upon a web begun by one of his ancestors many generations ago, and carried forward by the labor of the oldest male of the family in every generation since, and to be finished — Ah, who could tell? Tio José was well stricken in years, and there was none to succeed him.

Meanwhile, Anita was standing in the doorway, looking down

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the hillside and feeling still that joyful prescience. She really ought to be grinding corn, but —

What was it? Could she believe her own eyes? Yes, there certainly was a traveller, slowly coming up the narrow pathway. What if it were he — the long-awaited? Ah! if it might only prove so. And now he is at the arbor. Can it be that he will enter? Yes, yes, he does, and stretching himself at ease upon the stone seat, removes his hat and fans himself.

Anita stands gazing at the arbor and its occupant in a sort of ecstasy. Surely, it is he! Even the flowers and the birds have recognized him and bidden him welcome. Well, the grinding of the corn will have to be deferred.

Going in to the old uncle at his loom, the young girl put her hand upon his arm and said, "He has come, Tio José, he has come!"

But José was carefully selecting a thread of the proper color for his weaving, and merely said "Ah!" until he had found it. Then he asked:

"And who has come, Anita mia?"

"He whose pathway is across the Vermilion Sea. He whose staff is long and bent! He who hath a cross upon his satchel woven! He for whose coming our fathers watched and waited, and we ourselves have hoped. He has come, Tio José, he has come!"

José's indifference vanished instantly.

"And thou hast seen him, little niece? Where is he now?"

"He resteth himself in the arbor after his journey."

"Then haste thee, Anita! We must wait upon him there with gourd-shell full of the sap of the maguey plant to cool his thirst. And see that thou hast the meal for pancakes ready."

And the young woman and the old man began to bustle about in most unwonted haste.

Meanwhile Ernest Dayton, an alumnus of Harvard, was resting in the arbor's shade. He almost regretted that he had undertaken this tour of Mexico on foot. And truly, it is hard work, this climbing of steep hills in hot weather, especially if the hills happen, as in this case, to be in the "hot lands." He could see the hut above him, and thought it probable that it would afford

him refreshment and lodging. But the shade of the arbor, the fragrance of the flowers and the music of the birds were delicious — he would be in no hurry to enter a stuffy hut. So he stretched himself out upon the seat and presently fell asleep.

For two years after his graduation Dayton had lingered in the lap of his Alma Mater, deeply interested in the study of comparative philology, with but one object in view. The language spoken upon the shores of the Bay of Biscay, known as the Basque, is said to stand solitary among the languages of the world, having no discoverable relationship to any of them. He was determined to find somewhere, if possible, a tongue or a dialect, ancient or modern, that could be classed as of the same family as the Basque. To that end he devoted his life and energies for two tireless years in the college library, and one day he made a startling discovery. He found two little words — one Basque, the other Aztec — pronounced almost alike and meaning precisely the same thing. Each was a word of two syllables, and each contained the same letters — with the exception of two letters. Now, the substitution of any two consonants for any other two consonants is the very simplest problem ever encountered by a comparative philologist. Has not a French wit defined Comparative Philology as the science which "Takes not the consonants into account and ignores the vowels"? Was it not possible that the long lost brother, or perhaps cousin, of the Basque could be found in the Aztec?

This question opened up such an interesting and important field of enquiry that Dayton determined to occupy it himself, and provided with letters to the dons of the Museo Nacionál, departed forthwith for the City of Mexico. There he was cordially received, and there he spent two more absorbing years among a magnificent collection of relics, studying them to such good effect that he gained a speaking acquaintance with some of the ancient languages still spoken in Mexico.

But by this time his enthusiasm for the Basque had so diminished and his interest in the Aztec so increased, that he determined to make a pedestrian tour of the country. Equipping himself as lightly as possible, he took a staff that happened to be crooked, put a few things into a satchel that happened to have a cross upon it, and started upon his travels.

And so this hot day in 1898 found him asleep in a wayside arbor long years ago constructed by the pious worshippers of Quetzalcoatl for the rest and recreation of their god in his journeying over from the Vermilion Sea to the Sea of Blue. He had slept perhaps half an hour, when he was awakened by something sniffing and whining about him. A plaintive and curious whine it was, and Ernest, before he opened his eyes, knew that it came from one of those strange, hairless dogs so much petted by everybody in Mexico. Raising himself on his elbow, he patted the dog, and looked vaguely beyond him for an owner.

What he saw brought him suddenly to an erect position, and involuntarily he rubbed his eyes. Coming toward him down the hill approached two figures in such extraordinary attire that, but for his fresh knowledge of the picture-writing of the ancient Aztecs, he must have doubted the evidence of his senses. There could be no mistaking the beautiful divinity in advance — it was Chimalma herself, mother of the Evening and the Morning Star, Quetzalcoatl, god of the Aztecs, dressed in every particular exactly as she was on that memorable day, so many thousands of years ago, when the wonderful piece of Winged Onyx fell at her feet! She was hastening forward, carefully balancing in her hand a gourd shell. Ernest hoped it would prove to be full of refreshing maguey beer and that he would not awaken till he had partaken of it. Behind Chimalma came, with slow and solemn steps, a veritable priest of Quetzalcoatl, bedecked with all the fantastic adornments with which the picture-writers were wont to represent their favorite god, the planet known to us as Venus. Slowly and deliberately he came, "walking like a god," as became a priest approaching his shrine, and gravely swinging a censer smoking with incense.

The traveller now arose to his feet and stood, leaning upon his staff, awaiting them. Anita approached and, kneeling, offered him the gourd — really full of beer — while Tio José stopped, swung the censer, and chanted the prayer: "While the little birds are filling the fragrant groves with joyous melody, may the hearts of thy humble servants be filled with thanksgiving for thy return."

Dayton recognized the prayer at once — he had but recently

come across it — and while he was listening to it the significance of the whole performance slowly dawned upon him. These pious people had mistaken him, a modern Connecticut Yankee, for the ancient Mexican god, returned from his wanderings! What should he do about it?

He thought it over as he sipped the maguey beverage. These simple folk were gravely in error, no doubt, but it would be cruelty to undeceive them too suddenly. The rôle of Quetzalcoatl seemed to be thrust upon him, for the time at least, and he would essay to play it. Who could tell what rare opportunities for obtaining the knowledge he was seeking might thus be gained?

"I am come to receive an accounting from my servants," said he, solemnly, in the language just used by Tio José in his chanted prayer. "Is it ready for the rendering?"

"If my Lord will deign to enter his servants' dwelling place, he shall see how the service hath been performed," said Tio José, beginning to retrace his steps, and going up the hill backward, keeping his face toward Dayton and swinging the censer before him. It was a laborious task for the old man, and the god *pro tem*, taking pity upon his priest, turned him about, and extending a hand to each of the couple, led them to the hut and entered with them.

"If now my Lord will be pleased to rest upon this seat for a while, his servant will soon complete the record," said Tio José, and going to the loom he proceeded to weave with great rapidity. Fortunately, Dayton was familiar enough with the ancient pictographic art to understand what was being added to this wonderful web. In a surprisingly short time there appeared a picture of the flowery arbor, with the sleeping traveller, the hairless dog, Anita, Tio José, the path up the hill, and lastly the hut, with Dayton in the doorway — all fairly recognizable. In the right hand margin was the date of the year, and on the left the month and day, recorded in ancient Aztec fashion.

Tio José, bowing to the ground before him, announced, "My Lord, it is finished. Thy servant is ready for the accounting. From the unhappy day of thy departure to this of thy return, behold the record is woven here. Will my Lord be pleased to inspect it now?"

"Nay, faithful and diligent servant, that shall wait until to-morrow. This day shall be devoted to rest."

"Be it so, my Lord! Wilt thou be pleased to enter thy temple? 'Tis cooler than the hut." And going to the rear, he pulled a bolt. The solid rock thereupon began slowly and ponderously to turn upon a pivot, disclosing an immense temple, quarried in the solid rock and filled with every imaginable relic of the ancient Aztec race.

"Behold, 'tis here, my Lord! Thy servants, my fathers, and myself have kept it as best we could, and now I am ready to return it unto thee. My Lord knoweth that his servant's days draw near to their end. For many years has it been foretold that the last of thy servant's race should live to see his Lord's return, render an account of his stewardship — and die. My Lord, thy servant is the last of his race, and thou hast returned. To-morrow shall the accounting be."

With that last sentence Dayton put aside the faintest remaining scruple against accepting the godship thus almost forced upon him. The accounting certainly should begin to-morrow — but it should be proceeded with at leisure, with truly godlike deliberation. With such a collection of old Mexican documents — some picture-written, some graven on stone — and for an interpreter a servant to whom it was all easy reading, what a fund of knowledge he would be able to open up to the world! He would write a book that should make him famous, and if Tio José's life must end with the accounting, "his Lord" would see to it that his demise should not be hurried.

But the next morning proved that Tio José was gifted with a force of gentle insistence that not even the god Quetzalcoatl was able to overcome. While the divinity yet slumbered, Tio José had woven into his web that on that day was the account begun and rendered, and surely the record must not be falsified.

"And my Lord well knoweth that his servant's time is short, and that his strength is scanty. And lo! there are many things to be shown to my Lord, and much to be explained. My Lord will be pleased to enter upon the business now?"

And Ernest felt obliged to consent.

"This web," said Tio José, indicating the one then on the loom,

was begun by thy servant's great-grandfather on the day of the last Grand Tying of the Years. That was ninety-eight years ago. The first of its inscriptions is that new sacred fire had just then been kindled. There is little of importance in its record. Our father, the sun, and the stars have followed their accustomed courses. We have tied our years at the proper time. Nothing unusual has happened until yesterday, when thy servant recorded my Lord's return to his ancient temple — in ruins now and desolate. But within the temple are records which to read will fill my Lord with grief — yet must he read them, that he may know of the ills that have overwhelmed his people."

Causing the rock again to swing open, Tio José stepped aside for Dayton to enter, and then followed him into a vault-like structure within the temple, well filled with woven rolls.

"These," he said, "as my Lord knoweth, contain each the history of one Grand Tying of Years (equal to one hundred and four years each). My Lord may well pass them all save two. In this one is recorded the date on which began his mournful wanderings from the land that loved and worshipped him. Here may he read how sad were the people's hearts at parting from him, and here the prophecy, now happily fulfilled, that he should one day return from the East, and fill the land with joy at his presence.

"This next roll may pass — it is full of sorrowful forebodings and evil happenings — but it tells the story of a continuous gala day in comparison with this one, which we will unroll to the very end. The era which it chronicles began with turmoil, distrust and treason to the gods, spreading from the gates of Tenochtitlan to the uttermost confines of the Empire. With an Emperor at the capital who heeded not the stars, vicious governors in the provinces and famine everywhere, thy people were reduced to despair, when suddenly it was told that from over the eastern seas, in strange vessels, with many followers, my Lord had come to the rescue. Joy was in every face and gladness in every heart.

"But life hath no such woe as that when hope like this is turned to disappointment. Instead of my Lord, a stranger came, with strange beasts and dress and language. He came to the city which Tenoch founded, not to relieve, but to enslave; not to uphold, but to cast down. He came to tell them that their religion

was false, their fathers liars, their gods but devils. How valiantly and fruitlessly thy people fought, and how they were overcome, all this and more is woven here.

"My Lord can see that his servants have been writing in stone upon those walls, also, events as they occurred for almost nineteen thousand years. And yet the world from which the stranger came was less than six thousand years ago created, and the counting is his own!

"Under penalty of death by fire thy people were compelled to embrace the stranger's religion, and thy temples were deserted, but thy servants, my fathers, pretending to be peasants of the lowest order, instead of a noble hierarchy and priests of Thee, lived on here in pious fear. Their hut was made to conceal the portal of the temple all these years. In these niches they sleep, and I pray my Lord to see to it that in the coming time his servant be placed beside them in the place prepared.

"And here is thine altar, where the sacred fire has always been kept burning, save only when it has been extinguished lawfully on the last day of the year "Ce Tochtli," to be rekindled on the first morning of "Ome Acatt." Will my Lord assist his servant to ascend the steps once more?"

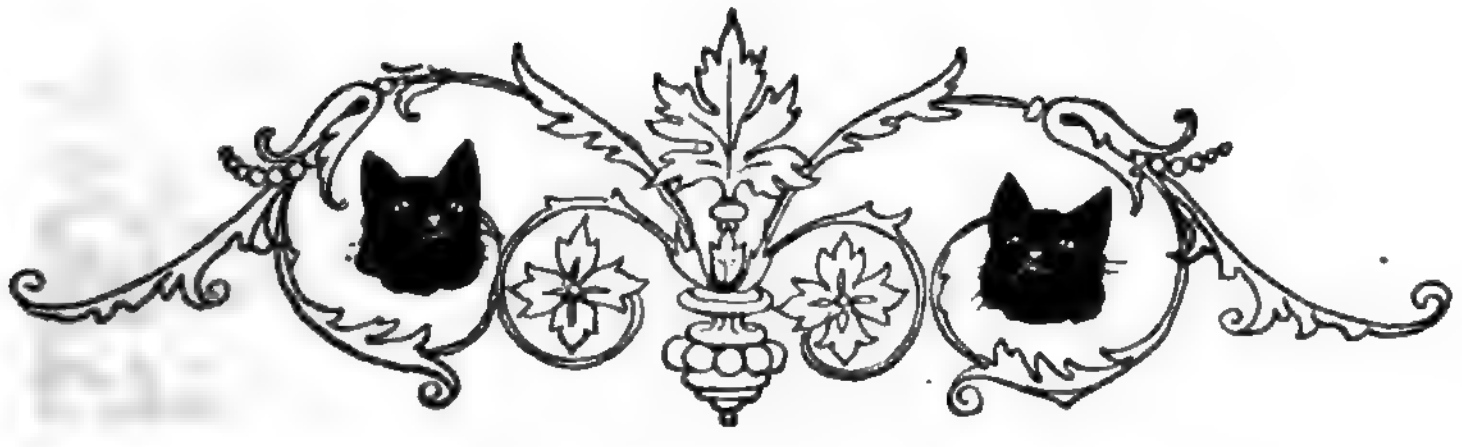
And leaning upon the student's arm, the Aztec priest was presently standing upon the tall altar's topmost step, his gentle face beaming with joy.

"Thy servant is happier than his fathers ever were. They hoped for the day of their Lord's return — I have lived to see it. But, O my Lord, thy servant is weak, and fain would rest him here!" and he seated himself upon the stone of sacrifice. "Thy servant is faint. It hath been foretold that he should die upon thy altar and at thy feet. All things within this temple are my Lord's. I pray him here to abide with my faithful niece. She hath strength to serve her Lord, and knowledge deep for one of her years to explain all hidden meanings here. And now thy servant is weak and becoming blind, my Lord."

Ernest caught him in his arms and pillowed the dying head upon his shoulder, and when Anita came running at his involuntary call in Spanish, they laid the lifeless form upon the sacrificial stone dressed in the priestly robes.

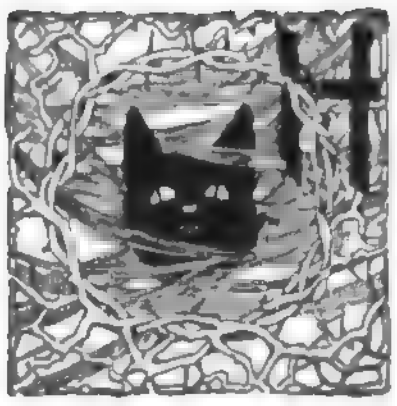
After three days, embalmed according to the manner of his race, Tio José was laid in the niche beside his fathers. His effigy, long since made ready against this day, was imbedded in the wall, the opening securely closed and cemented, and Dayton chiselled the date upon the rock in ancient Aztec characters.

Not long afterward, before the tall altar of the temple, Ernest and Anita plighted vows which the padre of the nearest village confirmed for a consideration, notwithstanding the heresy of the groom, and the young couple still live in the hut that hides the temple. The clatter of the loom has ceased forever. It may be that Ernest is invested with less of divinity in the eyes of his sole worshipper than on the day she first beheld him, but her love has grown rather than diminished. He is doubly happy, for the book on which he is working will some day convince the world that searching for the cradle of the human race in the Orient is but delving among the mushrooms of yesterday.



A Charcoal Sketch.*

BY JULIA SCHAYER.



HE was sitting on the curb-stone of a deserted street as the coldest night of the season was coming on, a very small, very ragged and very black little boy, and he was crying with strangling sobs and coughs into his jacket sleeve.

Around the corner presently swaggered three bigger boys, of varying degrees of color and raggedness.

The boy on the curb instantly dropped his arm from his face and assumed a stolid stare. But they had already seen him, and stopped with one accord.

"Hey!" cried the biggest of the three mockingly. "Whose kid is dis?"

The boy addressed appeared not to hear. The speaker came towards him, ostentatiously doubling his fists.

"Say," he repeated, "whose kid is you?"

The child looked around. His eyes were red, there were streaks on his rusty black face where the salt tears had dried, but he, too, doubled his fists, sniffing defiantly.

"I's ma own se'f's little boy!" he shouted in a surprisingly big voice. "Dat's whose little boy I is!"

"Yer lies!" retorted the other boy tauntingly. "You's Big Ann's kid. De cops has got her, an' you's cryin'! Hey, fellers! Watch de kid a-cryin'!"

The other boys promptly jeered, as was expected of them.

"Cryin' nothin'!" the victim shouted, getting to his feet. "Yer lies yerse'f!"

More jeers.

Then one of the boys made a remark concerning the small chap's mother. It was essentially true, but, all the same, the boy made a dash at the speaker, planted a kinky head in the pit of his stomach

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and sent him sprawling. In a moment he was on his feet, and the fight began.

The other two boys drew back, with anticipative grins. The boy attacked was a third taller, but what his assailant lacked in size he made up in fire and fury. And his was a just cause.

The bigger boy, grinning derisively, kept on the defensive, occasionally flooring his puny antagonist, by way of showing what he could do if he wanted to. The little fellow panted badly, but showed no intention of giving in. The thing was fast becoming monotonous, and no doubt the bigger boy would have settled matters very soon.

Just then around the corner swaggered a still bigger boy. At his appearance hostilities were suspended. The newcomer was a truly striking object — big, black and burly, with the face of a cunning, good-natured brute. He wore a red sweater with a conspicuous striped collar, and a pair of golf trousers much too large for him. A sort of dirty bag over one ear suggested a cap of some kind, and green golf stockings and russet shoes — odd ones — clothed his lower extremities.

This boy, his hands rammed deep in his pockets, his enormous lips puckered into an introspective whistle, stopped short, taking in the situation at a glance.

Then, his eyes fixed on the bigger of the combatants, he slowly drew his hands from his pockets and with an engaging smile began turning back the sleeves of the sweater from a pair of redoubtable black fists.

A thrill ran through the spectators.

"It's Babe Hoxey," one said in awe-stricken tones. "He kin lam' de stuffin' out o' yer while yer waits. Piper's got a job on han' suah!"

But Piper did not wait. In an amazingly short time he and his friends got themselves out of sight. Only the small boy remained, panting and coughing, very much the worse for his righteous battle. His jacket was torn up the back and his thin legs showed through the rents in his trousers like two black snakes. The Babe looked down upon him as from superior heights.

"What you fightin' about?" he demanded.

"Nothin'!"

"Say, don't yer try ter monkey wid me," said the Babe, with a fell look. "I say, what yer fightin' about?"

The little boy squirmed, but another look settled him.

"He say I cryin'."

"So you *was* cryin'," said the Babe. "What else?"

"He — he done say some-p'n 'bout ma ole lady," answered the boy, sulkily.

"An' you was tryin' ter lick him fur it? Dat's right, only yer didn't git on to it in de right way, son. When you's fightin' a boy bigger'n you is, de onliest way is ter soak him in de sof' part o' de stummick. See!"

"I done butted him dah, fus' t'ing!" eagerly put in the boy. "I done laid him out flat. Dat's right! Arter dat I couldn't reach him; he arms too long."

The Babe smiled approvingly.

"You's de right kin' of a kid, you is. Some day I'll give yer a p'int or two dat'll he'p ye along fine."

A keen blast swept down the street. It had grown much darker. The little boy shivered.

"Say, time kids was in bed," said the champion. "You go home."

The little fellow said nothing. His eyes roamed drearily up and down the street.

"Where you-all live?" asked Hoxey.

Again there was no response. The people in whose house Sammy had lodged had driven him into the street that morning when the officers had taken away his mother — in street parlance his "ole lady" — screaming and resisting. But even Goat Alley has its social code, and Sammy was loth to own himself homeless. The Babe eyed him askance a moment. Then, "You come along o' me," he said carelessly.

He started off and the child followed, rocking on his bowed legs, coughing dismally. Once Hoxey stopped to light a cigarette, and offered Sammy one, which he declined.

"Makes ma cough a heap wusser," he explained, and for several blocks the boys went on in silence.

Midway of Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, on Pennsylvania Avenue, there is a narrow passage, known to the homeless wretches

of the national capital as Heat Alley. Tall buildings shelter it on three sides from the winter winds, and this place of refuge is further tempered to the shorn lambs who frequent it by the warmth oozing from the basement of a famous old hotel whose barred windows give upon the alley. These windows are often open, allowing the escape of superfluous heat together with culinary odors, delicious and tantalizing, if not nourishing.

On a cold night, Heat Alley, compared with the streets, is luxury. Many a shelterless being finds his way there, preferring it from pride and perhaps from still stronger personal reasons, to the station or lodging-house. The police of the city know of, and wink at, the practice, seldom entering the alley unless to look for some one who is particularly "wanted."

Into Heat Alley, as yet tenantless owing to the early hour, Babe Hoxey led the way, going on nearly to the end.

"Here yer is," he said at last, "Dis yere is my private apartment at Willard's, see? And I'm goin' to let yer okkypy it tonight. Jes' lay yerself up agin' dat pipe stickin' out dah, son. Dat's right. Now, ain't dat a daisy. Smell de roas' turkey? Hot stuff, hey?"

"You bet!" said Sammy gratefully, hugging the wall.

"Say, you lay low. I'll be back arter a while wid de chambermaid to make de bed," said the Babe, grinning. "So 'long, son!"

In half an hour he reappeared as he had promised, a bundle of discarded newspapers under one arm, and in his hand a paper containing six currant buns and a bottle of beer, which he proceeded to share with Sammy. Then, spreading a number of papers on the paving stones, he bade the boy turn in, and covered him with the remainder, tucking them in deftly, and far more tenderly than Sammy's mother had ever performed that office, certainly since his infancy.

"Dar you is!" said Hoxey finally. "Snug as a bug in a rug. Now you go to sleep. I'll see yer later. So 'long, son."

Again he disappeared, and soon the child of the street slept soundly on his couch of stones.

All night the stars marched in glittering procession across the blue highway visible to the lodgers in Heat Alley. They were not many, for only the hardest pressed sought its hospitality on

such a night, but, as the hours passed, a few cowering forms slunk in and drew themselves into shivering heaps against the wall, collars pulled up, hats pulled down, silent and still, sleeping, and dreaming God knows what dreams of wasted lives and blasted hopes.

All night the little black waif slept soundly under his paper blankets, waking at daylight, stiff and sore, coughing frightfully and very hungry. The other lodgers had vanished. Hoxey had not returned, and after hanging about the mouth of the alley for some time the boy wandered off to earn a nickel or two at the market-house to appease the gnawing of the wolf encased in his almost fleshless little skeleton.

Thus began a month of precarious and exciting existence. Hunting food all day, sleeping mostly in what the Babe had called his private room at Willard's, though now and then driven by snow and rain to accept the municipal hospitality so scorned at other times.

Sometimes Hoxey would turn up and share the paper blankets with his protégé, and again Sammy would not see him for days at a time, but the code of the street forbade questions.

When one day the Babe reappeared, his sombre visage curiously intersected with strips of plaster, a gory tale of battle and victory on his tongue, Sammy's admiration for his champion rose to the point of reverence.

When he got big he meant to be just like him, and he fingered wistfully the leather strap buckled about his puny waist, which, as every one knows, is a sure means of making the wearer mighty in battle — that is, every one in Sammy's world knows it.

Besides, there was a feeling akin to affection in the forlorn, childish heart for the young bully who had defended and protected him. He longed to help him fight his battles, and whenever he earned as much as a dime, half of it was hoarded up for Hoxey.

But at the end of a month Sammy's "ole lady," having served her time, was at liberty to resume her career, and claim her maternal prerogatives, which she promptly did. As these consisted chiefly in seizing upon Sammy's earnings and cuffing him when they fell below a certain standard, it cannot be said that the boy's

condition was much improved, but at least he slept under a roof and in something resembling a bed, and, after all, his mother had her softer moods; so the puny boy felt vaguely that even such a mother was better than no mother at all.

Another month passed. Then a crime of unusual atrocity sent a shudder through every class of society. The perpetrator — a noted black tough — had escaped arrest and vanished. A reward of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered for his capture, the question of his whereabouts was the topic of discussion in all circles, and scarcely a day elapsed without a new "theory" or "clew." So some weeks passed. On a gusty March evening Babe Hoxey was holding forth on the subject to an audience of young toughs on a street corner, when he saw a familiar figure hovering on the edge of the crowd. It was Sammy, wan and wasted, and evidently laboring under great excitement. As Hoxey's eyes met his the boy nodded, beckoned, and darted into a near-by alley, whither Hoxey, getting rid of his gang, quickly followed.

Sammy was waiting for him in the seclusion afforded by an ash-barrel. Light from a window showed the boy's eyes rolling wildly, his frail figure quivering with agitation.

"Say, Babe," he began in a raucous whisper, "does yer want ter git de 'ward dey offer fur de 'rest o' Pete White?"

"Aw, what yer givin' us!" exclaimed Hoxey, roughly shaking off the hand that clutched his arm.

"Hush, man!" warned the boy. "Fur Gawd's sake don' holler like dat. I tell yer I'm givin' it to yer straight. Does yer want that two-fifty or not?"

Hoxey's eyes bulged with eagerness, but a derisive smile parted his thick lips. The boy drew him down closer.

"You kin git dat money all right, Babe, *fur I know whar Pete White is layin' low!*"

He stopped, choked by a cough that threatened to tear his little body asunder. Hoxey watched him impatiently, yet with a sort of pity on his brutish face, until it was over.

"Now den," he said, "if yer kin talk, say dat ag'in. How come you know whar Pete White is? Say."

"Ma Gawd, Babe," gasped the boy, "he's stayin' wif ma mudder, now, dis minute! Day's settin' in de kitchen eatin' an'

drinkin'. Trufe, Babe!" he protested, as Hoxey exclaimed incredulously. "He's ben dah mos' a week. He's lived wif us befo'. Many's de time he beat me fur nothin', an' he's beat de ole lady, too, many's de time."

"Den why don't *she* git de cops on to him, say?" queried Hoxey, suspiciously.

"She's *skeered* o' him, dat's why!" whispered the boy, fearfully. "He 'lows he'd kill her an' me too 'fore he would let hisself be took, an' he would, too. He's a dang'ous man, he is, an' he orter be locked up. See, Babe, you'se been good to me when ma mudder was sent down, an' I wants on'y you to git de money. 'Deed, Babe, it's Gawd's own trufe I's tellin' yer," he insisted solemnly. "I's done had pneumony, an' dey t'inks I's in baid up-stairs. I got out de winder an' clumb down de vines, to fin' yer an' put yer on to it. See?"

"Wall, Lawd!" said Hoxey; "ef you aint de blamdest little nigger—! Say, s'pose dey miss yer?"

"Dey aint goin' miss me," answered the boy stolidly. "Dey's too busy eatin' an' ca'in' on. 'Sides, I's goin' back now. Say, Babe, you'll do it?"

Hoxey stood silent a moment, then with a big oath, broke out warmly:

"You'se de gamest kid in dis ole town, Sammy; you is for suah. If I gits de money you gits half! Dat's right! You gits half!"

"Who? Me?" said the boy with an attempt at a smile. "What I do wif all dat money? 'Sides, dey 'spishun me right away. No indeedy, de plunks are you's. An' say, Babe, you better go to work now, fo' any body else ketch on."

"Say," said Hoxey, after a moment, "you know dey'll suah nab yer mammy too?"

"Dey can't do nothin' to her, cos' she kin prove he t'reatened her life, see?"

After a moment's further conference, Sammy scurried away to the purlieus of South Washington, while Hoxey, big with importance, made his first voluntary trip to a police station.

An hour later the house where the hunted murderer was said to be secreted was noiselessly surrounded by a strong posse of

picked men. It was a squalid box, standing by itself in a waste of ashes and rubbish. Two men were stationed on each side, two at the rear, and two in front, each with a revolver in hand. At first glance the house seemed dark and silent, but close inspection revealed a gleam of light between board shutters, and the clinking of dishes and subdued voices were plainly audible. The men drew closer. One knocked on the door. The light vanished, stealthy movements were heard — then all was still.

Another knock. A front window was opened, and a head enveloped in white cotton was cautiously projected.

"What in de name o' Gawd you-all want dis time o' night?" quavered an injured voice. "Dey's sickness here, mister, an' you's 'sturbin' de patient."

"Come down and let us in," said the officer, "and be quick about it, if you don't want your door busted in."

The head disappeared.

"Look sharp," whispered one of the men at the rear, "there's a light in the back bedroom. Watch out!"

"Are you comin' or not?" called the man in front.

This time the door was opened by a preternaturally old woman, who at sight of the officer began to whine dolorously.

"What you-all want of a po' hard-workin' ole woman, an' sickness in de house, too? Ain't a soul in de house but me an' de sick chile's mother, 'deed, mister."

Two men meantime had entered and were exploring the miserable, squalid rooms. There was no one in the kitchen. In the upper back room Ann Jorum, a stout, handsome negress, known in police circles as Big Ann, was discovered, bowed in apparent abandon of grief, over a child who lay in the bed. As the officers came in the woman turned on them with a large, reproachful gesture.

"Mebby 'tain't no sick child here!" she said, with maudlin dignity. "Mebby *he's* puttin' it all on, too! My Lawd!"

The officers stepped to the bedside. There was, indeed, no shamming there. The little black face on the pillow was drawn and ashy, the hollow eyes stared strangely at the officers. The child's labored breathing filled the room.

For an instant the officers hesitated. Mrs. Jorum profited by

the occasion to throw herself across the bed with frantic lamentations.

This movement displaced the counterpane, which hung to the floor. Instinctively, one of the officers stooped and looked under the bed. Rising quickly he blew his whistle, and the next instant a big, black brute was struggling in the hands of the law.

It took four strong men to secure him, but at last the noted Pete White was hand and foot in irons. For some moments he stood glaring and panting like a trapped beast, then suddenly lurched toward Big Ann, who, rigid with terror, still cowered by the head of the bed.

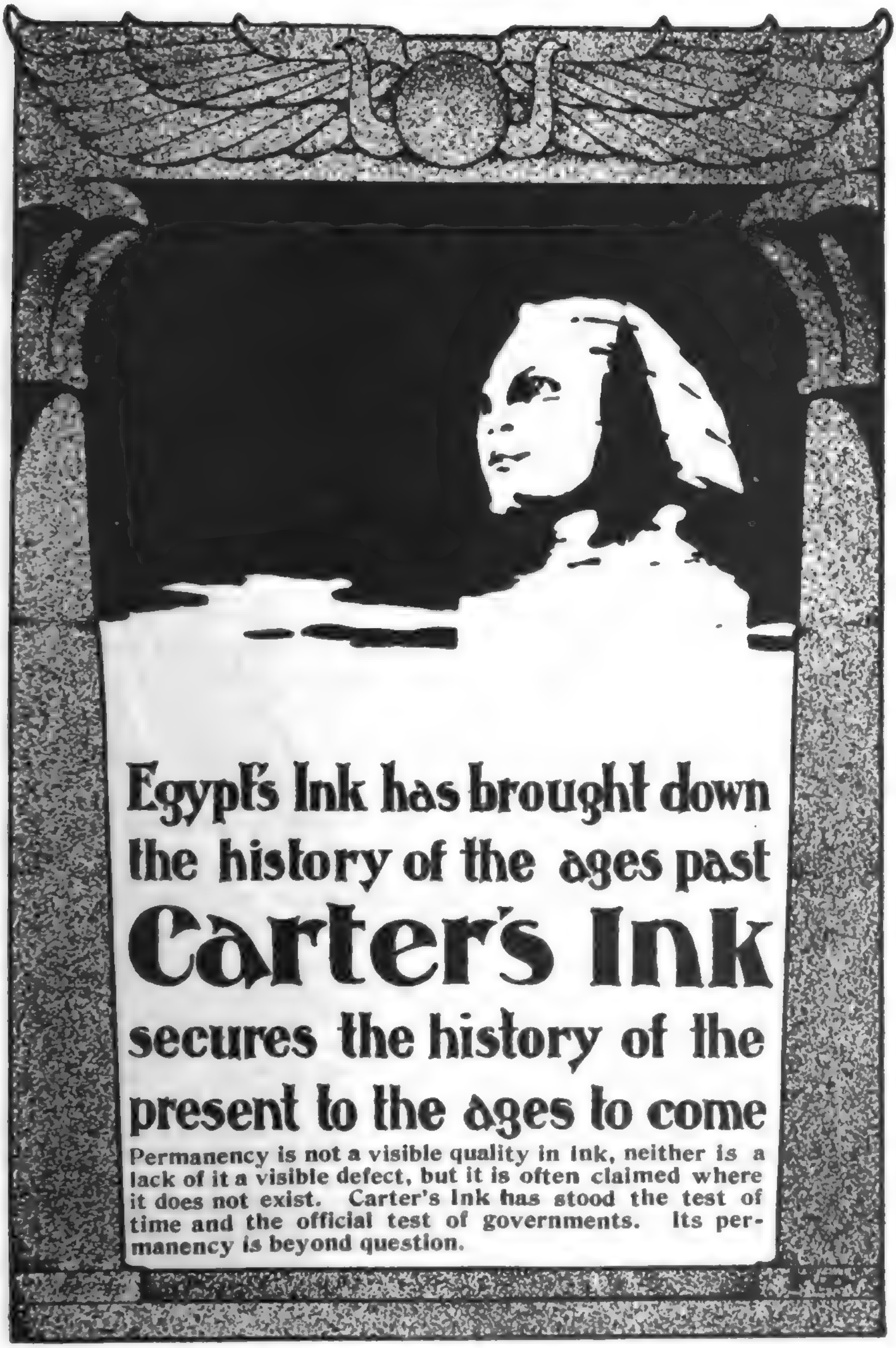
"It's you-all's doin's!" he shrieked, raising his arms above her head. "It's you-all's fault!"

The manacled wrists descended, but the woman started back with a cry of terror, and at the same instant the sick boy flung himself forward across his mother's breast. The irons fell full upon his head. He did not move again.

The obsequies of Sammy Jorum (the cost of which was borne by some person unknown to any one but the undertaker and one other) eclipsed anything of the sort ever witnessed by even the oldest inhabitant of Goat Alley.

A casket adorned with a wreath of unusual size, a hearse with nodding plumes, and three carriages, into one of which Mrs. Jorum, (alias Big Ann) swathed in black, was assisted by a colored pastor of note, were the salient features. In the carriage assigned to the pall-bearers rode William Augustus (otherwise, Babe) Hoxey, conspicuously elegant as to linen and jewelry, and accompanied by three of his least disreputable friends, chosen by him for the occasion.

"He was de gamest kid in dis town, fellers," was Hoxey's tribute as the clods fell into the gaping grave, "an' dat ain't no lie!"



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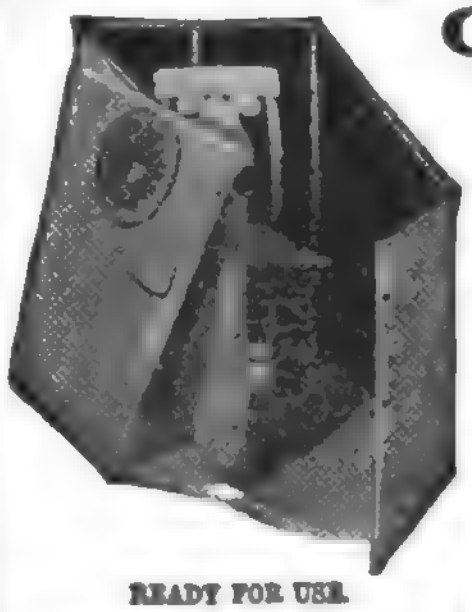
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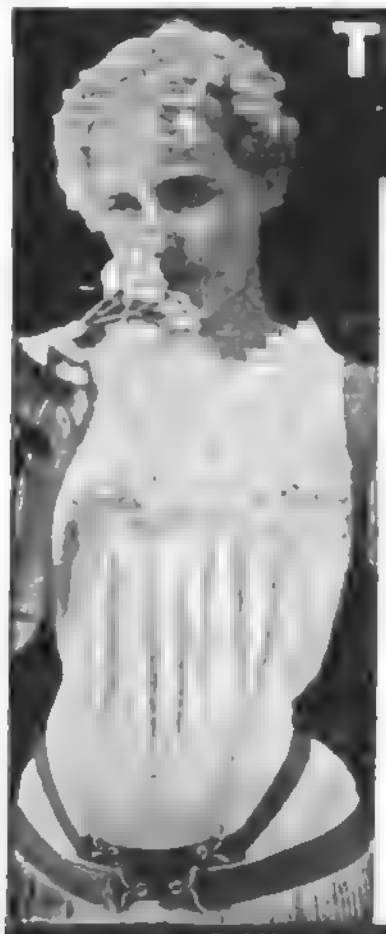


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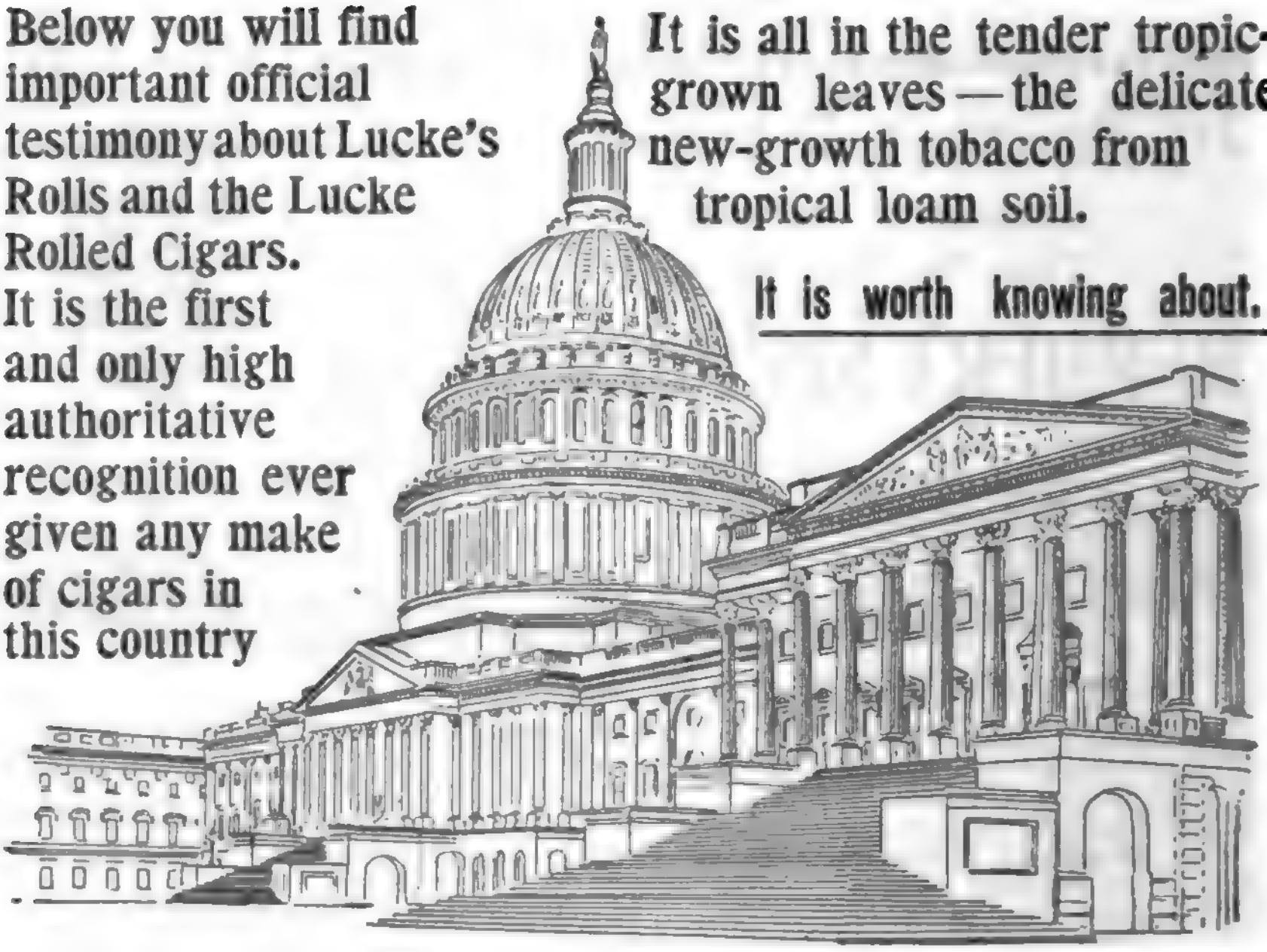
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1. The highest form of pleasing, satisfying taste is in them.
2. The quick make and absence of binder brings the price down to pay-for-value-only — no paying for useless carefulness in shaping, binding and finishing.
3. They look O. K. in the mouth,— are full cigar size,— and are a neat smoke, holding the ash without flecky droppings-off on one's clothes.
4. These goods,— by reason of their close price,— have no champions except among consumers. There is no urging or effort to sell them, by dealers.

PLEASE DO US THE FAVOR TO REMEMBER THESE POINTS UNTIL YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRY THEM.

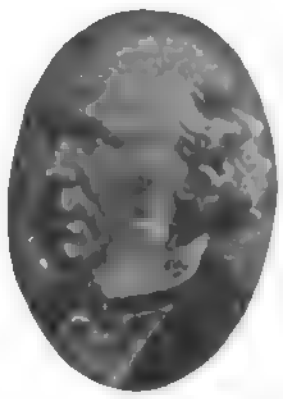
By Mail

We send box 100 Lucke's Rolls (small) prepaid to any address in U. S., for $1, or box 50 Rolled Cigars (full size) for $1.25 prepaid. We refund any remittance if purchaser is not fully pleased with goods.

J. H. LUCKE & CO., LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Its Equal is Unknown!

A Better 10 Cent Smoke
Than You Ever Obtained Before.



HERBERT SPENCER CIGAR



The Cigar that IS a Cigar from Tip to Tip.

We believe that after trying the HERBERT SPENCER you will insist upon your dealer supplying you. If he will not, then order direct from us. The following SPECIAL OFFER is only made for the purpose of introduction and deserves the immediate attention of every smoker who wants a high-grade article that is in every respect far superior to most cigars for which the same money is asked.

SPECIAL OFFER—In Case Your Dealer Won't Supply You.

In order to introduce the HERBERT SPENCER CIGAR quickly among a class of smokers who will appreciate its superiority, we will send by mail a box of 12, Conchas Especiales size, on receipt of $1.00.

THEO. WERNER & CO., Makers, 214 East 37th Street, New York. Price List to the Trade sent on application.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the following Keeley Institutes:

Inebriety—A Disease.

Inebriety, Morphine, and other Drug habits are dependent upon a diseased condition of the nervous system.

The victim of the disease again and again puts forth the most heroic efforts to reform, but his disease is too absolutely overpowering to be conquered by resolutions. The will power he would exercise if he could is no longer supreme. Alcoholic stimulants have so congested the delicate nerve cells that they cannot respond to the performance of their functional duties, and the helplessness of the victim's condition is as inexplicable to himself as it seems inexcusable to his friends.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

Over 300,000 men and women to-day have been permanently cured of the disease of inebriety through Dr. Keeley's treatment, which is administered only at institutions authorized by him.

The treatment at these institutions is pleasant; no restraint is imposed; it is like taking a four-weeks' vacation; the patient only knows he is cured.

Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the following institutions:

Address THE KEELEY INSTITUTE at either

Hot Springs, Ark.
San Francisco, Cal., 1170 Market St.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C., 311 North Capitol St.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind., 1903 So. Adams St.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
New Orleans, La., 1628-38 Felicity St.
Portland, Me., 151 Congress St.
Lexington, Mass.
Benton Harb'r, Mich., 179 Pipestone St.
Minneapolis, Minn., Cor. 10th St. & Park Ave.
St. Louis, Mo., 2808 Locust St.
North Conway, N.H.
Newark, N. J., 60 East Park St.
Buffalo, N. Y., 358 Niagara St.
White Plains, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio, 90 North Fourth St.
Harrisburg, Pa., Russ Mansion, op. Capitol.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 North Broad St.
Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va., 1012 E. Marshall St.
Waukesha, Wis.

Address the Institute nearest you.

"Non-Heredity of Inebriety," by Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, mailed upon application.

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS

Prof. S. A. Weltmer, the Great Magnetic Healer, is Causing Universal Astonishment by his Wonderful Cures.

The Nineteenth Century has been correctly termed the most important in scientific advancement and mental development, but no new discovery in any line is at this time attracting such widespread attention as Prof. Weltmer's Method of Magnetic Healing. In fact, the phenomenal cures made by him during the past two years have been so remarkably astounding and wonderful as to demand the attention of scientific and medical men all over the world. His method of treatment banishes disease as if by magic. Not only does this remarkable man cure hundreds in his infirmary, but he possesses the ability to cure at a distance, and all cures made by this method are equally permanent. T. T. Rodes, Paris, Mo., Prosecuting Attorney of Monroe County, suffered for years from Sciatic Rheumatism; tried everything without benefit; was instantly cured through Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Mrs. C. R. Graham, Boise City, Iowa, afflicted with rheumatism nine years, cured through Weltmerism. Mrs. D. H. Allen, Aurora Springs, Mo., suffered from consumption in its worst form; fully restored by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. D. E. Alford, Rubens Jewell Co., Kan., cured of kidney and stomach troubles by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Send for a copy of the Magnetic Journal, a 40-page illustrated magazine, giving a long list of the most astounding cures ever performed. It is sent free.



Prof. Weltmer.

Weltmer Method Taught to Others

This Noble Profession has Already Brought Fame and Fortune to Many of its Students.

Prof. S. A. Weltmer, the originator of this marvelous method, will teach the art to others how to cure every known disease without the aid of drugs or the surgeon's knife. Anyone who desires can learn this noble profession. Anyone who learns can practise it. He has abundantly proven this by the large number who have been instructed by him and who are in the active practice of healing by this method. He will teach you in ten days, either by mail or personal instructions, his wonderful method, through which wealth and fame can be earned. Full instructions will be sent free of charge to anyone writing to Prof. J. H. Kelly, Sec'y, Nevada, Mo.



Prof. J. H. Kelly.

HYPNOTISM

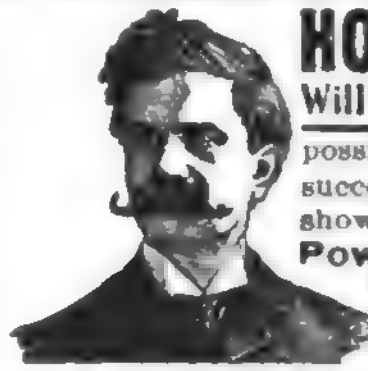
Personal Magnetism, Will Power, Nerve Force—

Call it what you will, is the intangible power that controls human destiny. It is the key to all business and social success. With it you can banish pain and sickness, cure all bad habits, win the friendship and confidence of others, and perform hundreds of startling and thrilling experiments. If you come in contact with people, you cannot afford to be without this knowledge. It will give you an inestimable advantage over others. We guarantee it, or forfeit $1,000, gold. You can learn in a few days at your home. Our elegantly illustrated treatise tells you all about it. This wonderful work has brought success, happiness and health to thousands of persons. Why not you? Give it a trial! It's free; a postal card will bring it.

The New York Institute of Science, Dept. C 6, Rochester, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM

cured or no pay. A harmless remedy. Box Free. C. H. ROWAN, Milwaukee, Wis.



HOW TO SUCCEED

Will Power and Personal Magnetism insure the otherwise impossible, making friends and business success. All possess this power. We show you how to use it. **"Key to Power"** 30 cents or 12 cents and addresses of three ministers, teachers or physicians. Circulars **FREE.** Address,

National Institute of Science, Dept. B. C. 20, Chicago.

Of Vital Interest to You.

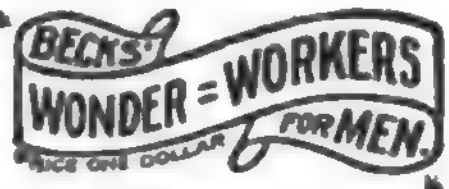
People are only just beginning to learn something of the mighty power of thought. Thought can be charged with a purpose, intelligently directed, sent and received, registering its message on the sub-conscious mind and through the subtle relation of body and mind, effecting a radical cure of disease. Let all who have failed to recover under doctors and medicines give the mind cure a fair trial. Mental and physical infirmities of all kinds and degrees are yielding daily to its vital, curative, life-infusing power. My terms are moderate. Testimonials furnished upon request. I am giving for a short time only, one week's treatment, free. Letters of inquiry promptly and fully answered. Enclose stamp. Address, M. G. HARDING, No. 6-11th St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

ASTROLOGY

Be Your Own Astrologer. Every person may become a successful fortune teller. Mysteries of the future revealed. **Good Luck** for all. How to have *perfect* **health and wealth. How to cure poverty.** *Full particulars and your Horoscope in brief*, also of your friends given in a little book entitled, "EASY ASTROLOGY" or "HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY ASTROLOGY," which will be sent for only six cents in stamps. **Address Prof. Yogiananda (The Blissful Prophet), Box 1847, Boston, Mass.**

BECK'S WONDER=WORKERS FOR MEN. PRICE ONE DOLLAR

$5,000 REWARD



I will give Five Thousand Dollars for any case of Pain in the Lumbosacral Region (the pains that fakirs of so-called Kidney Medicine call "Kidney Pains"), Nervous Weakness, Varicocele, or any Enfeebled Condition of the General System in old or young (no matter of how long standing) not complicated with other diseases, that the use of *Wonder-Workers* according to the plain and simple directions will fail to cure; and I will give the same amount for any similar case, no matter how much complicated with other diseases, that the use of *Wonder-Workers* will not benefit.

Signed, GEO. S. BECK.

I AM NOT A FRAUD OR A FAKIR.

I want you to know that I have no part nor lot with the "C. O. D." frauds, "Private Prescription" blackmailers," "Deposit" schemers, "Doctor by Mail" imposters, or "Free Trial" humbugs, who disgrace the medicine business and who may have defrauded you in the past. All of these characterless quacks and fakirs hate the ground upon which I tread because of the frequent exposures I have made of their infamous methods.

Bear in mind that I do not cowardly operate under a high-sounding company name, nor hide my identity behind a post-office box. My name is, as always, Geo. S. Beck.

You can depend upon honorable treatment from me.

READ WHAT MY NEIGHBORS SAY.

MR. A. R. COBAUGH, Cashier of the First National Bank, of Springfield, Ohio, (the bank of which His Excellency, Hon. Asa S. Bushnell, Governor of Ohio, is President) writes under date of April 27, 1899, saying: "I have known Mr. Geo. S. Beck, of this city for several years, during which he has done business with this bank. We have found him to be perfectly reliable in all * * * "

THE GARVER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers of "Farm News," in the same city, say: "We have known Mr. Geo. S. Beck for years and we have no doubt but that he will, under any circumstances, always do as he agrees."

I have hundreds of similar testimonials.

TIRED MEN.

If you are the unfortunate victim of lack of nerve you know it, and it would be useless to detail the symptoms to you. You can depend upon it that **Wonder-Workers** regenerate and build up the system of the tired man, and give the proper functional actions to all the vital organs. Be the kind of a man you ought to be—yes, be a man!

OVER-WORK.

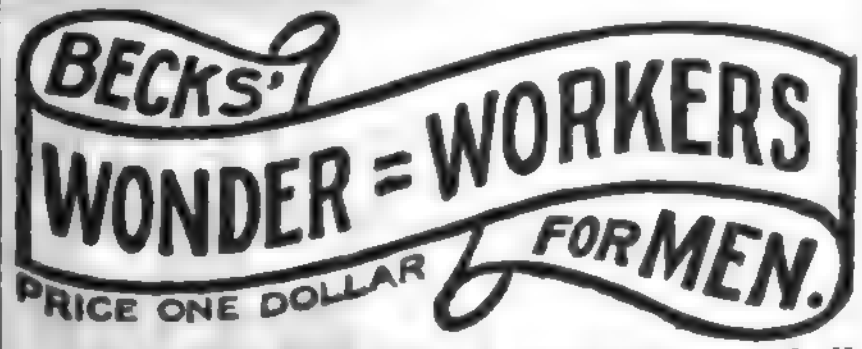
Hundreds of Lawyers, Preachers, Actors, and other over-worked Professional and Business Men who thought they had kidney trouble have told me that they had never been able to find anything else to equal "WONDER-WORKERS" for the cure of that pain in the back, and the all-gone feeling that so often precedes paresis.

Do Not Quit Work

Read My Affidavit of Protection.

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that less than three weeks' use of **Beck's Wonder-Workers** by me when forty-four years old, effected a cure of extreme Nervous Exhaustion, Pain in the Back, and an Enfeebled condition of the general system.

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that the packages of this remedy sold by me at ONE DOLLAR contain MORE than the number of treatments that effected the CURE in my case.



I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that the names of all who purchase **Wonder-Workers** will be held sacred and that they will never be given to others to use for any purpose.

I DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR that there is no "Private Prescription," "Deposit" or C. O. D. scheme, or any other scheme of any kind connected with the sale of **Wonder-Workers.** The entire business is honest.

GEO. S. BECK.

Sworn to in Springfield, Ohio, on this 3d day of October, A. D. 1898.

GEO. A. BEARD, Notary Public.

VARICOCELE.

There is not a case of Varicocele on earth to-day that **Wonder-Workers** used according to directions, at your home, at your work, without any appliances, will fail to quickly, thoroughly and permanently cure. It disorganizes all the poisonous deposits, restores all the nerve currents, and absolutely annihilates Varicocele—now be a man!

BE STRONG.

"WONDER-WORKERS" restore **natural** strength and vigor. They do **not** excite or stimulate. They are a perfectly pure and certain nerve food, and every tablet is standardized to absolute uniformity. Use them and you will rejoice in strength, nerve, vigor and manly magnetism. It is perfectly safe to use them under any circumstances.

Use them at Home

YOUR KIDNEYS.

No man, living or dead, ever had any pain in his Kidneys. Your Kidneys have no more sense of feeling than a stone. Those pains in your lumbosacral region are the result of a deranged nervous system. Ask any doctor about this.

After you tire of using the so-called Kidney Remedies without any benefit, use **Wonder-Workers** and be forever rid of the dull pains in your back.

NERVE WEAKNESS.

There is not a case of Nervous Weakness of any kind in the world (no matter of how long standing) that the use of **Wonder-Workers** according to directions, which are simple and very easy to follow, will fail to permanently cure. A man who lives in a state of nervous weakness with Wonder-Workers at his command, is very foolish.

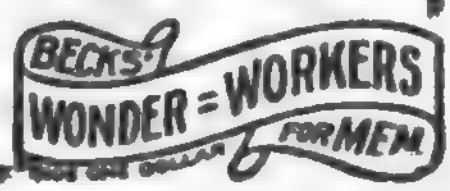
This is the honest truth between man and man.

I do honestly believe and declare that *Wonder-Workers* will cure Varicocele, Nervous Debility, Neurasthenia, or any Enfeebled Condition of the General System (no matter what the cause, or whether the sufferer be old or young) QUICKER AND AT LESS EXPENSE than any other preparation made anywhere in the world. Its Wonderful Record of more than 150,000 Absolute Cures in less than one short year is the foundation for this declaration. Read my offer at top of page. *The Price of Wonder-Workers is only One Dollar,* always cash with the order, by express at your expense. It will cost you 25 cents to lift it from your express office. I will send it to you by *mail* prepaid for $1.15, thus saving you 10 cents. I am not a fakir and do not send free samples.

BECK'S WONDER=WORKERS FOR MEN. PRICE ONE DOLLAR

GEO. S. BECK, Springfield, Ohio

420 SOUTH MARKET STREET.



Makes Women Beautiful





Marvelous results accomplished by the new and wonderful "Vestro" method of developing the Female Figure.

Flat-chested and unattractive women are quickly developed into commanding figures that cause wonderment and admiration.

A new and surprisingly effective home treatment has been discovered that develops the female figure. Women who are not lacking in this respect will not be particularly interested, but to those who by some unfortunate circumstance of health or occupation are deficient in development will be very much fascinated by the gratifying results achieved by the treatment. It is called "Vestro" and is controlled by the well known Aurum Medicine Co.

There is no doubt about the marvelous power of this new treatment. Any lady who wishes to know more about Vestro should send her name and address to the Aurum Medicine Co. They will send free, in plain sealed envelope by mail, a new "beauty book" they have just prepared, also photographs from life showing the actual development induced and a great number of testimonials from physicians, chemists and prominent ladies all commending the wonderful and remarkable power of Vestro to enlarge the bust no matter how flat the chest may be. Do not fail to write at once. The beauty book and portraits will delight you. All you need is to send name and address and a two cent stamp to pay postage. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address **AURUM MEDICINE CO., Dept. D.A., 55 State Street, Chicago.**

HYPNOTISM

DOES IT PAY? FREE!



That is the chief question for the practical reader. Everybody admits that it is an interesting and wonderful science. It is the only science existing that penetrates to the hidden and inscrutable recesses of thought. Its grasp is on the **MIND** as that of the physical sciences is on **MATTER.** It deals with the unseen, the intangible, the mysterious. But, you ask, does it pay to learn it? Does it pay to know it? Does it pay to acquire its methods and practice it as an art or calling? I at once answer you, yes, emphatically, YES. Just apply to it the same tests that you would to any other business, craft or calling. Why do you study any of them? Is it not to earn a living, to provide for your family, to secure an independence, to obtain friends, distinction and happiness for yourself and your loved ones? It certainly is; these are the objects in life that men strive and toil for, and I tell you that Hypnotism offers a surer and speedier way to obtain them than any other means open to the rising generation. This is true, and I will give you the best proof of it. I will give you for the asking a copy of **MY FREE BOOK,** which is entitled, a "Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," but is likewise a triumphant answer to the question, "Does it pay?" This is a book of elegant appearance, richly illustrated on every page, and is certainly the nicest book ever given away free in the interests of science. It cost me much time, labor and money, but it will cost you nothing whatever but the trouble of writing for it, even on a postal card, if need be. As the title implies, my book tells you all about Hypnotism, its history, development, methods, phenomena and uses, but flashing out of every line you will also learn the secret of how it pays. In the first place, it is easy and quick to learn, easier than any other study which forms the basis of a livilihood or profession. Anybody who can merely read can master it quickly, and then will never forget it. Surely that is a paying feature to the youth starting out in life, to the bread-winner who desires a change for the better, or anybody needing an honorable and lucrative profession. Compare it, if you like, with the years spent in college to learn law or medicine, or the years of apprenticeship to a trade or business. But Hypnotism also PAYS PROMPTLY in this one grand feature, it gives you control of other minds and direction of their wills. You may not at once see what that amounts to. Send for and read my book, FREE, and you will find that this mental dominion is a passport to social favor, to public reputation, to advancement in position, and to the highest success in business. Control of other minds is not only thus a fortune-winner, but my book will show you how it works to banish pain, to cure every known disease or bad habit, to correct either moral or intellectual frailty, to win ardent love and devoted friendship, to benefit, to bless and to entertain all around you, not only for instant gain, but for a continuance of health, prosperity and happiness. Now, if I prove all this, won't you admit that IT PAYS? Well, my book proves it. It costs you nothing to get it. It is a master-key to all the treasure vaults of life. Write for it this very hour, and learn the knowledge that all this world's a-seeking. IT IS FREE. Address, **Prof. L. A. HARRADEN, Jackson, Michigan.**



A GODSEND TO ALL HUMANITY

All our readers who want to have perfect health, a clear skin, beautiful complexion, prevent Colds, Fevers, La Grippe and Disease, and enjoy all the marvelous, cleansing, beautifying and curative elements of the famous Turkish, Russian, Sulphur Vapor Baths, perfumed or medicated if desired, at home, in your own room for 3 cents each, should have one of the remarkable 1902 Style Square Quaker Turkish Bath Cabinets. Water Baths simply wash the surface. The Cabinet Bath, perfectly safe both Summer and Winter, opens the 5,000,000 pores of the skin, sweats out all the poisons and effete matter which cause disease, cleanses you inwardly and outwardly, purifies your blood, makes your eyes bright, your skin clear, your nerves strong, sleep sound, appetite good. One week's use will make a new being of you.



This is a genuine Cabinet with a real door; handsomely made; best materials; rubber lined; heavy steel frame, top curtains; in fact, all the latest improvements, will last 20 years; not a cheap flimsy affair, but strong, substantial, ready for use when received.

Over 27,000 Physicians and 1,000,000 happy users recommend this Cabinet for bathing purposes.

Dr. A. B. Stockham, Chicago, editor *Tokology*, recommends it highly, as also does Hon. B. F. Shipley, Moroa, Ill., Rev. H. Cardner, well known evangelist, M. C. Groppner, M. D., 275 Centre St., Boston, Congressman John J. Lentz and thousands of others.

Mrs. S. H. Tripler, 36 Park Row, New York City, had Rheumatism and other troubles 20 years, was cured in one week, says this Cabinet is a God-send to every woman, worth $1,000.

G. M. Lafferty, Covington, Ky., was compelled to quit business, walked on crutches, drugs and doctors failed, was relieved by the first bath, entirely cured in 14 days.

J. W. Van Tassel cured himself of Lumbago, and his friends of Blood and Skin Diseases, Kidney Affections, Nervousness, Piles, etc., and made $1,500 selling this Cabinet in 5 months. No one afflicted can afford to be without this Cabinet for a single day.

The makers guarantee results and assert positively as do thousands of users that this Cabinet will cure Nervousness, Weakness, Aches, Pains, Colds and Rheumatism (they offer $50.00 reward for a case not relieved). Purifies the Blood, cures Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Neuralgia, Headaches, Indigestion, Piles, Dropsy, all Blood, Skin, Liver, Kidney and Urinary troubles. Has wonderful power to prevent and cure Women's complaints.

A Face and Head Steamer is furnished if desired, which cleanses the skin, beautifies complexion, removes pimples, blackheads, eruptions, and is a sure cure for all skin diseases, Eczema, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Throat troubles.

The price is wonderfully low. It is a regular $12.00 Cabinet for only $5.00, complete with stove, formulas for baths and various ailments, and plain directions. Face Steamer, $1.00 extra.

Write today to the World Mfg. Co., 1081 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, for valuable book and testimonials; or, better still, order a Cabinet at once.

This firm is perfectly reliable; capital $100,000.00, and ship same day your remittance is received, and refund your money after 30 days' use if the Cabinet is not just as represented. Send for Booklet anyway.

This Cabinet is a wonderful seller for agents, and the firm offers special inducements to both men and women upon request, and to our knowledge many are making from $100 to $150 every month and expenses.

PAYS to write for our 256-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a **Magic Lantern** or **Stereopticon.**
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.



Too Fat

We will send full information about how to make a simple herbal remedy at home to reduce your weight, and also a sample box securely sealed, in plain wrapper free by mail, to any one sending 4 cents for postage, etc. Costs you nothing to try it. Address,

HALL CHEMICAL CO., Dept. K. A., St. Louis, Mo.



FLOWER SEEDS WITHOUT MONEY **FREE.**

Magnificent **Solid Silver** plate Bracelet, beautiful **Solid Gold** filled ring set with 2 Regent Diamonds and handsome Emerald, American Watch, Autoharp, or a Sewing Machine **Free** to any one selling 18 packages of our **Bouquet Flower Seed Collections.** (23 different kinds in each collection) a whole Flower Garden **all** for 10 cents. "Sell like hot cakes" and you can earn one of these beautiful presents in one day. Order quick. No money required in advance. Send for **Seeds**, sell the 18 Packages sent you, and return us **$1.80**. Then we will mail you the **Beautiful Present** promptly. Address **U.S. SEED CO., Box 1540, Boston, Mass.**

"TRIX"

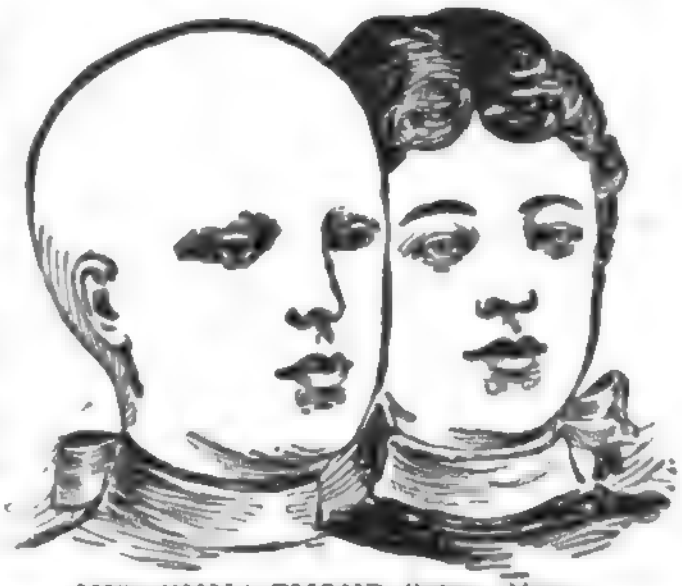
TRIX CO., ROCHESTER N.Y.

5¢ THROAT RELIEF "TRIX" FRAGRANT AROMATIC BREATH PERFUME

Free Cure for Baldness

Prevents Hair Falling Out, Removes Dandruff, Restores Prematurely Gray Hair to Natural Color, Stops Itching and Restores Luxuriant Growth to Eyebrows, Eyelashes and Shining Scalps—A Trial Package Free.

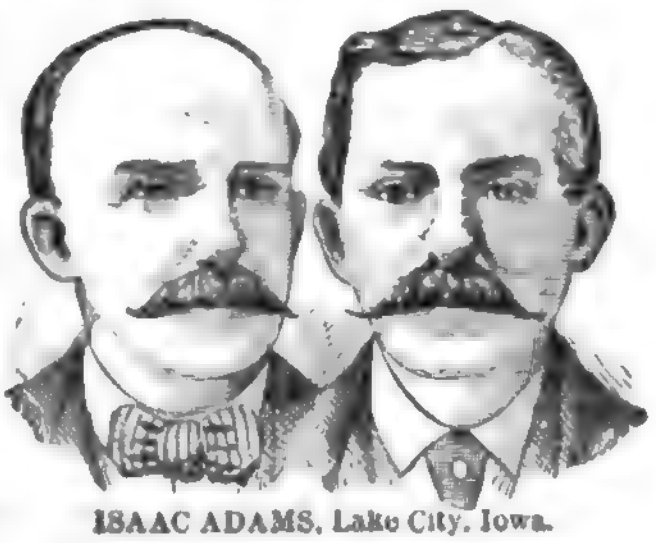
Those who are losing their hair or have parted with their locks can have it restored by a remedy that is sent free to all. A Cincinnati firm has concluded that the best way to convince people that hair can be grown on any head is to let them try it and see for themselves. All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for falling hair, but after all, it is the remedy we are after and not the theory. People, who need more hair, or are anxious to save what they have or from sickness, dandruff or other causes have lost their hair should at once send their name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 107 Butterfield Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage and they will forward prepaid by mail, a sufficient free trial package of their remedy to fully prove its remarkable action in quickly removing all trace of dandruff and scalp diseases and forcing a new growth of hair.



MISS EMMA EMOND, Salem, Mass.



CHAS. W. BISHOP, Lathrop, Mich.



ISAAC ADAMS, Lake City, Iowa.



MRS. J. S. WEED, New Albany, Pa.

MISS EMMA EMOND.

The portraits of Miss Emma Emond show what a striking difference is made in a person when the bald head is covered with hair. Miss Emond was totally bald, the hair follicles not only upon her head but upon her eyebrows being completely contracted, not the sign of a hair being found. She sent for a free trial of the Foso Remedies and was rewarded by a growth of hair which for thickness, quality and luxuriance was as remarkable as the result was gratifying. Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St.

ISAAC H. ADAMS.

Isaac H. Adams, of Lake City, Iowa, is a conspicuous example of the fact that baldness can be cured. He says:—"My hair came out so bad that I got bald all over the top of my head and the scalp got shiny. I used the Foso Treatment, and in forty-eight hours the remainder of my hair stopped falling out and in a few weeks I had as fine a growth of hair as any man would want." Mr. Adams sent his photographs to the proprietors of the Foso Remedies to show what a remarkable change has been produced.

MRS. J. S. WEED.

Mrs. J. S. Weed, Treasurer of Swartz Corps No. 91, W. R. C. with headquarters at New Albany, Bradford Co., Pa., owes a luxuriant growth of hair to the famous Foso Remedies and although past fifty years of age, her hair grew out with astonishing luxuriance. Mrs. Weed kindly consented to permit her photographs to be sketched, one taken some time ago when she was prematurely bald and a later one taken recently showing the beautiful effects of this remarkable hair grower.

CHAS. W. BISHOP.

The experience of Chas. W. Bishop of Lathrop, Mich., will doubtless encourage many another bald head to "go thou and do likewise." Mr. Bishop sent for a free trial of the Foso Remedy, and by diligent application has secured a fine growth of hair as shown in his portrait above. Mr. Bishop says:—"Although I am 57 years old and had a shining crown for many years I am glad to say that this wonderful remedy has made my hair grow out in a most remarkable manner. It began with a fine fuzz gradually getting stronger and thicker until I could comb and brush it as in the days of my youth. I can honestly recommend it to everyone."

WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL.

The thousands of people who are bald or are losing their hair and think the condition is incurable should send their name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 907 Butterfield Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, for a free trial of this wonderful hair grower. It is not a patent medicine product, but the discovery of a well-known chemist and author, Prof. Stokes, on the subject of hair and its growth. It has had a most remarkable success and has fully settled the fact that hair can be made to grow on the baldest head, no matter what caused it to fall out or how many years the scalp has been shiny. Send for the free trial today and make a test of this truly marvelous hair grower. Send for it whether you have any faith or not. It will astonish you with its wonderful effect on the scalp.



Special Trial Offer New and **GRAND PANSIES**

Did you ever see 7 straight or circular rows of Pansies, side by side, each a different color? If so, you know that the effect is charming beyond conception. Did you ever see Childs' Giant Pansies, marvels in beauty and true to color? If not, you have not seen the beauty and perfection now attained.

As a trial offer, we will mail for 25 cents:

50 seeds Pansy Giant, Pure Snow White,
50 " " " Coal Black,
50 " " " Cardinal Red,
50 " " " Bright Yellow,
50 " " " Azure Blue,
50 " " " Bright Violet,
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A little book on Pansies, telling all about culture, etc.

A Booklet of 95 pages on House Plants; tells just how to care for every kind of window plant.

THE MAYFLOWER magazine 3 months; finest publication on Flowers and Gardening. And our Catalogue of 156 pages and 9 Colored Plates.

The 7 Pansies, 3 Books, Mayflower and Cat'g, 25c.

Our Catalogue for 1900—25th Anniversary Edition—greatest Book of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits, 156 pages, 500 illustrations, 9 colored plates, will be **mailed free** to any who anticipate purchasing. Great Novelties in Sweet Scented and Tuberous Rex Begonias, Geraniums, Fragrant Calla, Treasure Vine, Gooseflower, Caladiums, Everblooming Tritoma, Cannas, Gladiolus, Roses, Phloxes, Giant Pæony, Lilies, Palms, Carnations, Primroses, Asters, Pansies, Sweet Peas, Verbenas, Tomatoes, Strawberries, etc.

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is a 190-page book, 9x11 inches, containing over 700 engravings and 6 superb colored plates of Seeds and Plants—a perfect mine of information on garden topics.

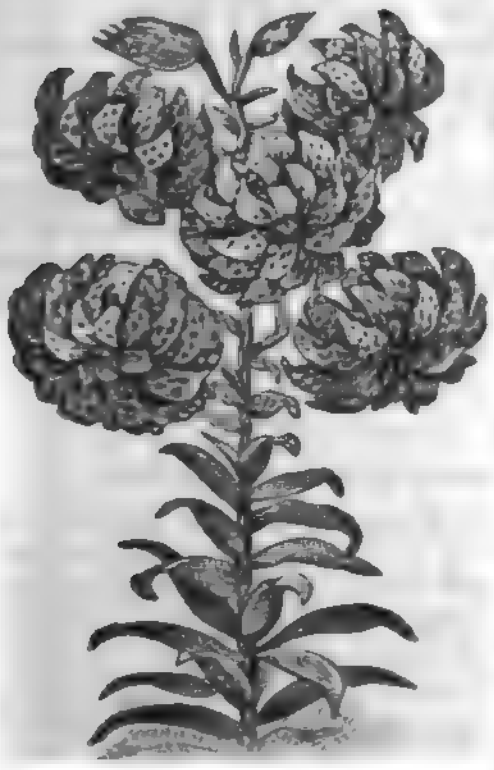
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Counts as Cash.

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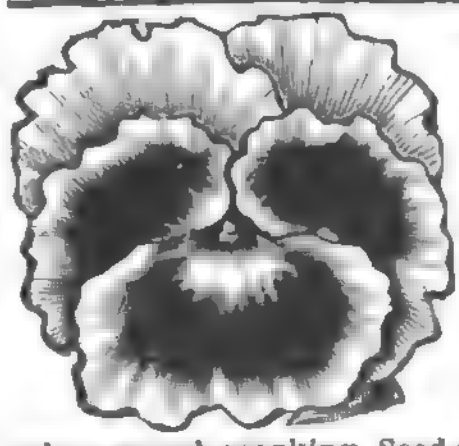
One package each of Aster, Balsam, Pansy, Sweet Peas, Pinks, Salvia, Cosmos, Phlox, Candytuft, Zennia, Larkspur, Nasturtium, Sunflower, Poppy, Dewey Victory, Forget-me-not, Verbena, Petunia, Heliotrope, Portulaca, Cypress Vine, Sweet Mignonette, Marigold, Morning Glory, Coxcomb, with the following bulbs FREE:

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References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.

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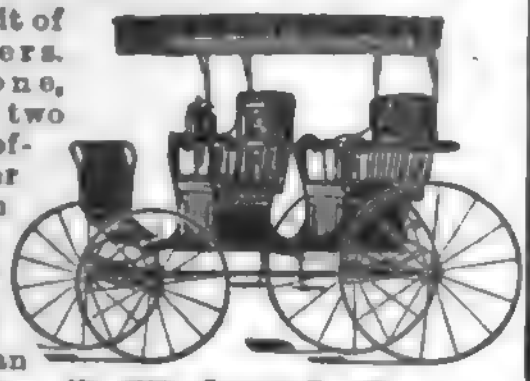
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This is the Spiritual, or Soul Age, when drugs and medicines are being abandoned by the wise and thoughtful. Mr. Francis Truth, the Divine Healer of Boston, has clearly demonstrated to the whole world that Divine Power **cures permanently all diseases**, especially chronic diseases of long standing, pronounced by eminent doctors as **HOPELESS AND INCURABLE.** In **Divine Healing there are No Hopeless Nor Incurable** diseases. "*The things which are impossible with men are possible with God.*" No matter what the disease is or how far away from Boston the sufferer lives, the Divine Power can reach the disease and cure it. Mr. Truth is anxious to spread broad-cast into all parts of the world, **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, his full instructions and he asks **all sick people to report** their cases to him. **DON'T SEND ANY MONEY**—not even a postage stamp. **He has nothing to sell.** Mr. Truth, **The Divine Healer**, has no proprietary preparation or medicines to sell. He desires the public to know that he wishes to hear from sufferers from all kinds of ailments, and the harder and more complicated the case is, the more anxious he is to have the sufferer write him for his **Special Instructions and The Divine Healer**, which are **cheerfully and gladly sent free to all. God has given Mr. Truth this Divine Power to be used for helping suffering humanity. ABSENT HEALING SUCCESSFUL.** Distance in Divine Healing makes no difference whatever. He is all the time curing diseases of all kinds in all parts of the world. Indeed, his **Absent Treatments are uniformly successful.** If you are sick and will write Mr. Truth a letter giving full details of your sickness he will write you **Full Instructions Free** and send you **a treatise**, which clearly and comprehensively proves how he will use his **Divine Power** in your case, no matter how far away you live. Report your case to him **at once.** Delays are dangerous. Mr. Truth desires to heal you. **HOW TO WRITE FOR FREE HELP:** Just write a plain and truthful letter about your disease to **Francis Truth, Divine Healer, 6 X. Bowdoin** Square, Boston, Mass., and you will receive **FREE OF ANY COST** the special instructions in your case, and also **free The Divine Healer.** There is **Permanent Health, Vigor, Strength and Happiness for all who desire it.** No matter how low or despondent you are, write all of your troubles to Mr. Truth, and he will instruct you without any charge. "**The Hand of God is upon all them that seek Him for Good.**" Address **FRANCIS TRUTH, 6 X. BOWDOIN SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.**

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The announcement by Dr. D. D. Richardson that Paralysis is a reflex of Varicocele, has attracted the attention of the whole scientific world. Minute clots formed in the stagnated blood of Varicocele are absorbed in nerve matter, obstructing nerve currents and causing Paralytic and Nervous Diseases.

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THIS WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH RAIN COAT is the very latest style, made from very fine GENUINE CHESTERTON all wool dark brown or tan waterproof COVERT CLOTH, one of the finest English weaves, lined with Chesterton Mackintosh Lining, only highest grade English Rubber Compound is used, double breasted, velvet collar, ventilated arm holes, deep facings, waterproof pockets, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams. Size Breast measure, 34 to 48 inches. For a waterproof rain coat or overcoat you can't get a better garment at double the price.

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(This Company is thoroughly reliable.—Editor.) 170

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Whether we endorse prize fighting or not, it is nevertheless interesting to know the manner by which men arrive at such physical perfection.

James Jeffries, the present champion heavyweight of the world, and his gallant opponent, Tom Sharkey, in the greatest pugilistic encounter that has ever taken place, both pursued much the same course of training, and the first and most important part of this training was to get the stomach in condition, and keep the digestion absolutely perfect, so that every muscle and nerve would be at its highest capabilities.

This was not done by a secret patent medicine, but both of these great pugilists used a well known natural digestive tablet sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and composed of the digestive ferments which every stomach requires for healthy digestion.

Champion Jeffries says: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets prevent acidity, strengthen the stomach and insure perfect digestion. They keep a man in fine physical condition." Signed, James J. Jeffries, champion of the world.

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The advantage of the daily use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is that they keep the people well and ward off sickness and are equally valuable to well persons as to the dyspeptics. Another advantage is that these tablets contain no cathartics, or poisons of any character, but simply digest whatever pepsin we have found in every healthy stomach, and when digestion is imperfect it is because the stomach lacks some of these elements and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets supply it.

They are no cheap cathartic but a perfectly safe and effective digestive and the demand for them is greater than the sale of all other so-called dyspepsia cures combined. No remedy could possibly reach such a place in public esteem except as the result of positive merit.

Full sized packages are sold by druggists at 50 cents and the best way to treat possibly form is to take a Stuart's Tablet after each meal. They make weak stomachs strong and keep strong stomachs vigorous.



Marshall's Catarrh Snuff Cures Catarrh

For 30 years it has given perfect satisfaction. Instant relief. Cures in 10 minutes. Headache cures [illegible]. Opens the nostrils, stops nasal discharge, restores sense of smell. Prevents Catarrh. Price 25 cts. at all Druggists or sent by mail postpaid.

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NEARLY ALL OUR MEN MAKE $40.00 EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR.

THE OUTFIT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

We make no charge for our complete Agent's Sample Book and Outfit, but in order to protect ourselves against many who might impose on us by sending for the outfit (which costs us between $5.00 and $6.00), with no intention of working, but merely out of idle curiosity, we require each applicant to cut this ad out and mail to us, **giving the names of at least two parties as reference, and further agree to pay a temporary deposit of One Dollar and express charges** for the outfit when received, **if found exactly as represented and really a big money maker.** While this nominal deposit of **$1.00** for the outfit is not one-fifth of its cost it insures the good faith of applicants, **and we promptly refund your $1.00 as soon as your sales amount to $25.00,** which amount you can take the first day out.

IF YOU WISH TO MAKE $5.00 TO $20.00 EVERY DAY cut this notice out and mail to us at once, giving us the names of two or more men as reference. Address,

REFERENCES: Corn Exchange National Bank, Any Express or Railroad Co., Any business man or resident of Chicago.

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(This Company is thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

W19

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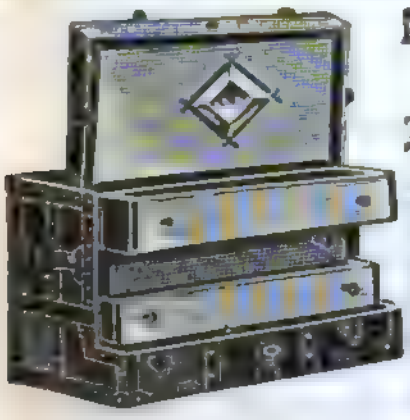


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For Ladies and Children.

No supporters. **Up to stay.** Button to waist. Have no equal for *health, durability or comfort.* **IDEAL** stocking for *summer or winter.* Two separate parts, Children's, 30c. to 45c., Ladies', 55c. to 65c. If not kept by your dealer, sent on approval, *postpaid*, on receipt of price. Circulars free. *Try them.*

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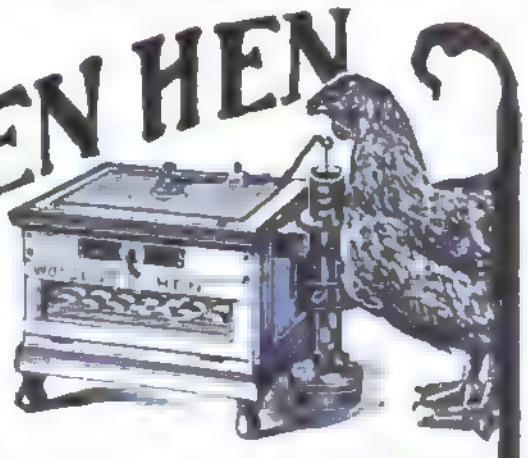
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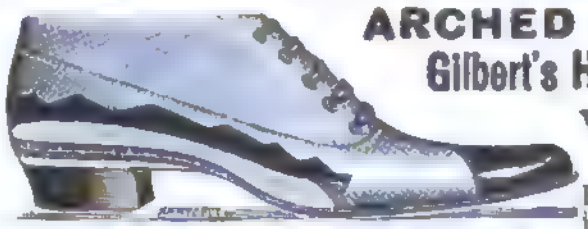
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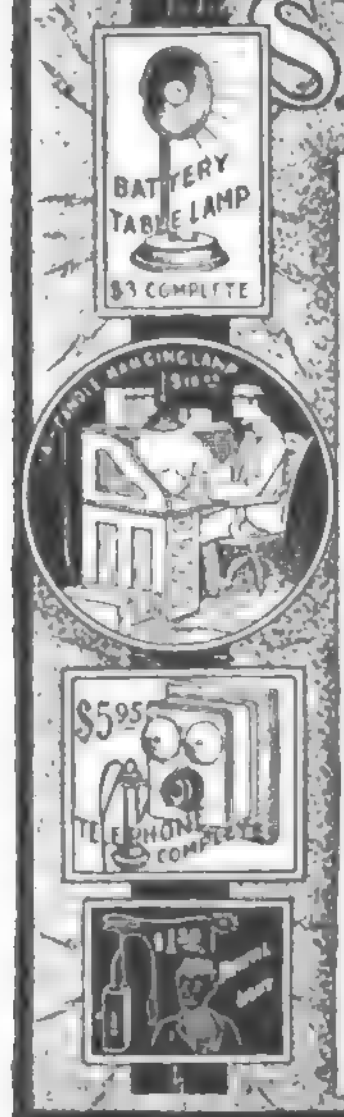
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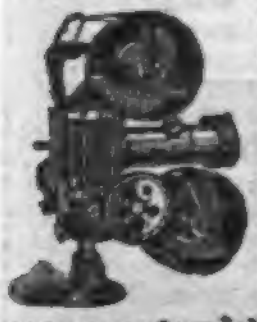
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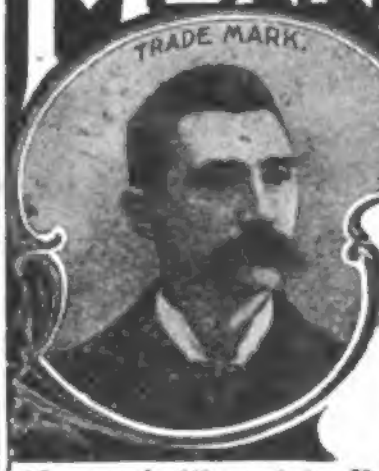
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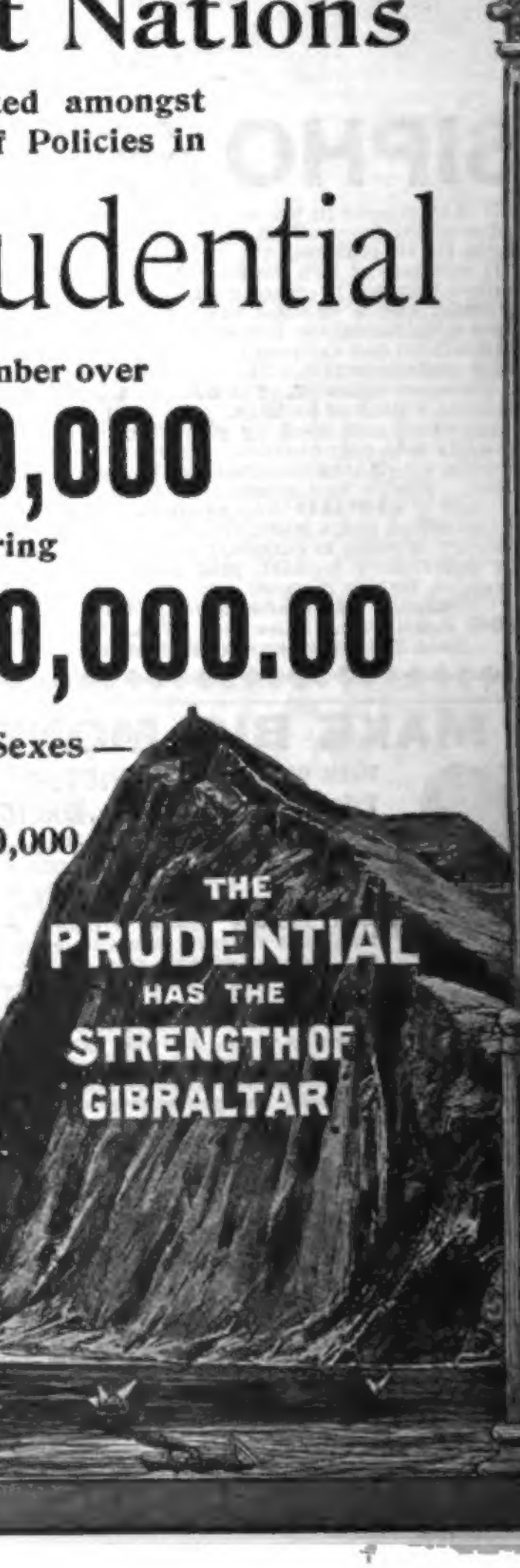
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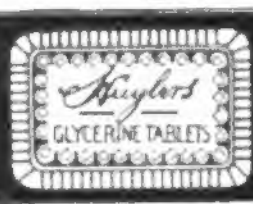
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